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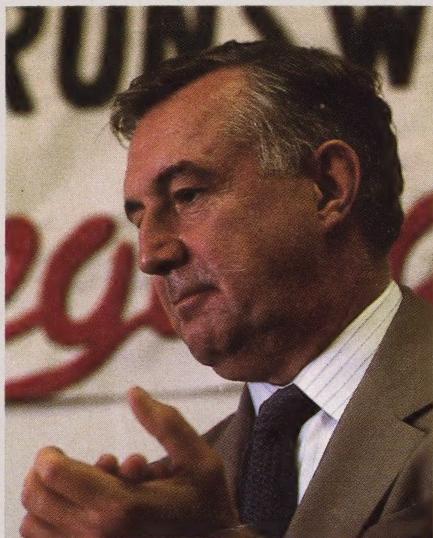
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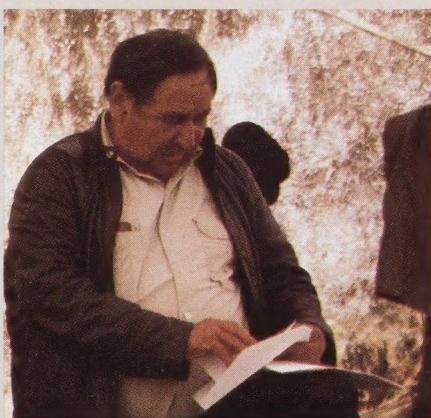


COVER STORY

Richard Hatfield has been in plenty of scrapes during his time as New Brunswick's longest-serving premier. But can he get out of this one? The controversies touched off by the marijuana found in his luggage have turned part of his party and much of the public against him.

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL JESSOP



THE NORTH

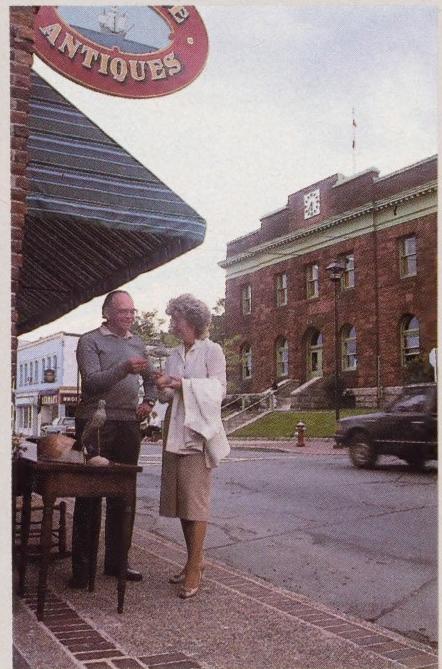
The native Innu people of the Quebec-Labrador peninsula were persuaded to move into permanent villages in the 1950s. Then they began returning to the "country." Now that old-new way of life is being threatened by the terrifying roar of NATO planes.

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SPECIAL REPORT

To Prince Edward Islanders "fox" is a magic word. It's been that way — off and on — for nearly a century. In recent years the Island's fox-farming industry has enjoyed a newborn buoyancy, but there's still a small cloud on the horizon.

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SMALL TOWNS

Bridgewater is the commercial and industrial hub of Nova Scotia's south shore. But it still retains the south shore virtues of civic pride, family, the work ethic and folksiness.

PAGE 34

BUSINESS

For 144 years the name Schwartz has been synonymous with the spice trade. The name remains but it's no longer a Maritime company. It's been sold to Toronto-based interests. Was it bad management or changing times that did it in?

PAGE 49

Back in 1967, fresh from university, Bernard Imbeault had a bright idea — the franchising of pizza. Today his Pizza Delight has 200 outlets and he's aiming for 2,000 world-wide. And the whole thing is run from Moncton. PAGE 52

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Ray Guy between soft covers and some other good ideas

Recently I had a letter from a subscriber in Yellowknife which was enclosed with his renewal. He said he enjoyed the Maritime travel supplements *Insight* has published in the past, and wondered if we were planning more. I was glad to have that comment, because it confirmed that some readers like these supplements and would be happy to see them continued.

The question of supplements has sometimes been contentious for *Insight*, and it's been on my mind because we've been working on our first since I became publisher — the *Atlantic Books for Christmas* you'll find in this issue.

Supplements were conceived as a way of attracting more advertising to this magazine, but usually they're a combination of editorial content and advertising. Our book supplement is a little different: it's a publishers' catalogue of new books of particular interest to Atlantic Canada. The publishers have paid for their listings, and they've written brief descriptions of their new books. For readers, it provides an idea of the range of new titles you'll find in your local bookstore this fall.

I know many *Insight* readers will be particularly interested to see the three Ray Guy books described. All three are available at any of the 50 bookstores listed on the back page. Ray Guy's books have always been bestsellers in Newfoundland, but I'm sure there are many Maritimers who'll be delighted to find his writings available in soft cover.

In January we'll be publishing another supplement, a year-end review of business and the economy in the region. The editorial content is prepared by the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, and the cost of the supplement is covered by the advertising.

We've continued the *Atlantic Homes* supplement, and we'll publish it twice in 1986. We're considering three other supplements for 1986. The basic guideline I've been using for supplements is this: they should provide content of interest to you as someone who lives in Atlantic Canada — or, like our Yellowknife subscriber, as someone who likes to keep up with the region.

If you have comments about supplements we've run, I'd be happy to hear from you. Subscriber feedback is very valuable in letting us know when we're doing our job well, and where we need to make improvements.

We've also been hearing from a lot of our readers who are taking advantage of the special Christmas subscription offer you'll find advertised in this issue. The offer is simple: buy two or more subscriptions, and you pay just \$12.50 each. If you renew your own subscription, instead of spending \$17 for your own you can pay \$25 and get your renewal plus a gift subscription for a friend or relative.

We keep track of Christmas subscription donors, and we've been in touch with the 5,000 *Insight* subscribers who gave Christmas subscriptions last year. We're inviting donors to give renewals, and we've had a very positive response. That's good news because we're hoping to get 5,000 new subscribers by the end of the year. If you have friends or relations who you think would enjoy receiving the magazine, consider our gift offer.

To order, you can use the coupon in the ad in this issue. Or you can call us on our special pre-Christmas toll free line from anywhere in Atlantic Canada. The number is 1-800-565-1581, and it's answered from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday to Friday. If you wish you can pay for your gift on the spot using Visa or Mastercard.

There's been other good news on the subscription front recently. Our renewal notice operation has been working for several months, and subscriber response has been getting steadily better. The number of subscribers who stay with us is a good indicator of how readers feel about the magazine. The renewal rate was down a bit during the early summer, perhaps because people weren't sure about the magazine's future. Now it's back strongly. In September, over 50 percent of the month's expiring subscriptions had been renewed before the end of that month!

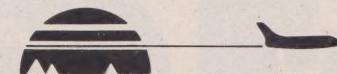
Inevitably in any business problems crop up, and I've had several letters from subscribers with minor complaints about us. Sometimes the problem is a double payment for the same subscription. Sometimes it's a subscription paid for but not received. Every problem we hear about gets individual attention from our comptroller, Mary Savoy, and the four people who staff our circulation department. If you should have a problem with your subscription, call or write. We want to give you top service, and the circulation department is ready to help.

— James Lorimer



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FEEDBACK

Sons of the wealthy

Regarding your August, Nova Scotia report, *The trials of a judge's son*, it seemed more than a bit ironic that lawyer Joel Pink would be quoted time and again in defence of this "unique" bit of sentencing for his two clients. Pink's wholehearted support for having the sons of two wealthy families sent to the exclusive Elan Institute in Poland Springs, Maine, is not surprising for a lawyer who has achieved his goal. The logic behind Health Minister Gerald Sheehy's reasoning at having part of the cost covered by Medicare makes one shake the head in wonder at who is at the helm. The report might have had more credibility if some of the parents of other offenders (not given such preferential treatment) had been asked their opinion. It all comes down to chalking up another victory for the in-group.

Charles Fraser
Waterville, N.S.

Social discrimination

In the last two issues there were items I would like to comment on, the first being in the September issue, entitled *Soggy Reid: the new Bill Lynch*. Having been born and raised in Halifax, I found the article to be both enjoyable and fair. I can

remember well the warnings from family and friends to stay away from "The Bill Lynch Shows" on the Commons. But I never listened and spent many memorable hours learning about life, the mysteries of the side shows and spending money on great rides, which were then only 25 cents. Jennifer Henderson's article brought back many fond memories and I hope it has cleared up many misconceptions about the carnival and the people who work there. The other article, appeared in August, entitled *The Endless Migration* by Elizabeth Evoy. The author and the people who were interviewed made several valid points about why they left and why they came back. But I feel there is another reason why some of us left Nova Scotia, and that reason was discrimination — social discrimination. In growing up I lived in what was described as the poor side of the tracks (i.e. below Robie St. and south of North St.). I have to my credit such notable addresses as Brunswick St., Gottingen St. and Creighton St., which now in retrospect were great places to grow up and learn about life. I found upon completing my secondary and some post secondary education that there seemed to exist an invisible wall that prevented one from getting ahead in the "Halifax Establishment." They were never items that one could clearly point out but they were there. Now after eight years in the

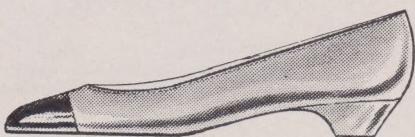
West, I find myself in a situation that I would never have achieved in Halifax. My success here has been built on hard work and on what one can do and not on where one lived and what school they attended. My feelings for Nova Scotia are still very strong and truthfully I would gladly live and work there if I could have what I've accomplished here. But somehow I doubt if it could ever have happened. Perhaps time and the realization of this problem will change, one can only hope so. But until such time as it does, Nova Scotia and the Maritimes will continue to lose its richest resources. In closing, my compliments to your magazine's efforts, they are enjoyable and informative.

Edward C. James
Elkhorn, Man.

Racism

Although I cannot be as sanguine as Harry Bruce about the severity of racism in Canada today *Racist sentiments then and now*, September, he is to be commended for exposing the nature of racist sentiments commonly held in Canada — even by such respectable figures as Arthur Meighen — in the first half of this century. While the prejudiced attitudes Bruce cited have today a somewhat quaint, even faintly amusing, ring to them, Canadian abhorrence of the "foreign" at that time in fact had disastrous consequences — in particular, for European Jews seeking refuge here from 1933 to 1945, when the alternative to emigration was death at the hands of the Nazis. In their important study of Canadian Jewish immigration policy, *None Is Too Many*, Irving Abella and Harold Troper point out that Canada had arguably the worst record of all Western nations for accepting Jewish refugees, taking in under 5,000 when even Argentina admitted ten times that number. This was government policy because Mackenzie King correctly gauged public opinion: people still believed all the old myths about Jews, that they were clannish, money-grubbing, and disruptive, and "wouldn't fit in." There is an Atlantic wrinkle to the story. When immigration became a matter of public debate, the students of Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B., in December 1938 "overwhelmingly supported a resolution, forwarded to the prime minister, that asked for 'a relaxation in immigration laws to permit controlled entry to Canada of . . . refugees from Germany.' The students even voted to raise funds to support several refugee students at the university." (Abella and Troper, p. 60) One of their teachers was less sympathetic. At about the same time that the students petitioned King, a young history professor at Mount Allison wrote to Robert Manion, leader of the Conservative opposition, supporting his anti-immigration stand,

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and deplored "those who shed tears over the fate of the Jews in Europe and who raise funds for the assistance of foreign refugees, . . . [while they] ignore the poverty and distress on their own doorstep." (Abella and Troper, p. 60) The writer was George Stanley, now Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick. Both letters are in the Public Archives of Canada, in the Mackenzie King and Robert Manion Papers, respectively.

Marjorie Gann
Sackville, N.B.

A muddle over theatre

Your cover story in the August edition, *The perils of theatrical life*, was disappointing and muddled. It seemed to deal fleetingly with many aspects of the theatre without analysing any one problem in depth. Surely with a cover story a topic should be clearly presented and then well analyzed rather than rambled through to a banal conclusion. I feel that most theatre professionals accept the nomadic nature of their work. They regret the low pay scales but are resigned to them given the number and size of communities in Atlantic Canada. Vague mention was made of our company, Theatre Newfoundland and Labrador, centered in Corner Brook. We are the regional theatre for the west coast of Newfoundland, producing plays which interest a wide spectrum of audiences. Community effort from a local board running theatre policy and fund-raising, and provincial and federal grants for the arts has brought good theatre to Corner Brook and steadily increased audiences. We have a full-time administrator and artistic director and will present seven plays and a community musical this year. There is a good balance of Canadian, Newfoundland and general plays in our series. I enjoy your magazine and its effort to provide regional interest and feature articles on Atlantic Canada.

Dr. John M. Gourley, Treasurer
Theatre Newfoundland and Labrador

Fair play

Thank you for a very interesting and enlightening, truthful magazine. I really enjoy it all through. We in the West don't hear very much of the real Maritime news, except some sensational things. Keep up all your good works and let the western people know that there is a lot more to Canada than Ontario and Quebec and their industries. I am an old widow of 83 years and I do like to see fair play, so keep up all those very interesting articles about all of the various Maritime provinces and their diversified industries, especially the small cottage industries. It really makes very interesting reading and is very eye-opening. Thank you folks.

Mrs. Brenda C. Dingwall
Summerland, B.C.

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AIDS comes to Halifax

Doctors, nurses, the homosexual community and others are trying to calm anxieties as AIDS cases increase

by Susan MacPhee

Many people move to Atlantic Canada to get away from it all — the hassles of the big city, the worry about quality of life for the kids as they grow up. Eventually, however, the ills of the world tend to reach here too. It's happening with AIDS.

It was in late 1981 and early 1982 that word of a frightening new disease began to find its way from the medical journals into mainstream media. Called GRID (Gay Related Immune Deficiency), it destroyed the immune system of its victims, leaving them open to numerous, and eventually fatal, infections. By mid 1982, researchers had dubbed the disease Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome and the AIDS panic was on.

It wasn't much of an issue on the East Coast at first. A couple of things have happened to change that. In August, 1984, a person died of AIDS in the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax — the first to do so in the region. And, this summer, in Atlantic Canada as elsewhere, magazines and other information media were full of stories about actor Rock Hudson's struggle with the disease. AIDS had arrived, bringing with it all the fear, misinformation and homophobia that had characterized its arrival everywhere else.

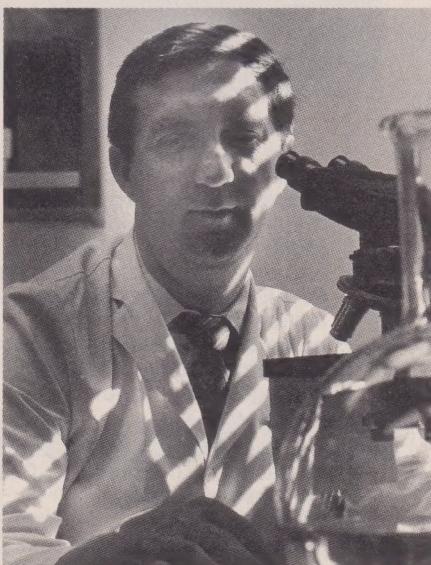
Since that first case two more have died at the VG and a half dozen more are being treated.

William Hart is spokesman for MacAIDS, the Metro Area Committee on AIDS, a new organization made up of representatives from various community groups and organizations in the Halifax area. Hart says the organization wants to do something about the general public's apparent lack of knowledge about the disease. "I think the main danger is ignorance," he says. "Articles that have been written in recent months really highlight the fact that we are in a position now where we have a scientific basis for understanding the disease, but we have an emotional reaction. We felt that by providing information... we would be taking a step toward allowing people to make rational, logical decisions about the disease."

Rational and logical are not two words that anyone could use to describe reactions now, of either straights or gays. Action, or rather the lack of it, on what's known as the "triangle" in Halifax (the area around Queen St., Dresden Row and Sackville St. which served as the base for gay cruising in the city) this summer

seemed to indicate that the casual sexual encounter had lost some of its appeal in the face of the AIDS scare. Not so says Fred, an employee of Halifax's gay club, Rumours. "It hasn't. They moved locale, that's all they do, just keep changing around. As a matter of fact I think it's worse than before... because your first reaction is to deny the facts. They keep saying, 'no it's never going to happen to me.'" So now there seems to be more action at the two other uptown hangouts for casual gay sexual encounters: Citadel Hill and the Camp Hill Cemetery.

At Rumours, there's a rack in the club's back room stacked with pamphlets on AIDS. They cover a variety of topics such as what it is, how it's transmitted, risk reduction for both men and women, research being done in Canada and suggestions for "safe sex" activities for men. Members of Halifax's Gay Alliance sent to organizations in larger Canadian and American cities for the pamphlet last year when AIDS first hit Nova Scotia. But they point out that people can't be forced to read them. And a lot of people in the high risk groups, like the ones who hang out at the cemetery and on the Citadel, can't even be reached.



Marrie: physicians are frustrated

The same lack of knowledge, and reluctance to acquire it, is apparent in the straight community. The reaction from people when they discovered I was researching an AIDS story was telling: warning that I couldn't kiss a friend's child if I interviewed a person with AIDS; a request that I sit on the other side of

the room; the shocking observation from one man that "first I thought it was pretty bad, but then I figured if it wiped them (homosexuals) all out, it was okay."

The experience of hospital personnel in dealing with their first AIDS patients may serve as an example of how education and personal experience can help someone overcome emotional reaction to both the disease and the victim. Dr. Thomas Marrie, Director of the Infectious Disease program at the VG, says there were no problems in Halifax with personnel refusing to work with AIDS patients, as have occurred in other parts of Canada and the United States. But there are special difficulties in treating AIDS patients. "As physicians we feel very frustrated... also it's a very humbling experience to realize how little we know. It's very emotionally trying to look after people who know they're going to die, especially when they're young, and you can't do very much. Often, as with many other fatal diseases, the thing that keeps you going is that you try and buy a day at a time, and we're usually successful in treating the first few serious complications for patients with AIDS. And that's what keeps us going, because every month or two you can gain is very important."

Even more than the doctors, the nurses on the VG's Ward 8A serve as an example of how important education and contact are. Head nurse Lorna Butler says that at this point the nurses are able to look more objectively at the AIDS patients, and even feel protective of their rights. They had a crash course in that way of thinking when their first patient was admitted last year. "We had to work through a number of things," Butler says. "We had to look at our own values and not make judgements based on what we had thought or heard in the past. We had to look at homosexuality and decide for ourselves what we felt and how we were going to approach those individuals. We had to establish guidelines for care and isolation techniques because it was a new disease and there was nothing already established for us." She adds that another tricky matter is dealing not just with the patient but with a whole family that may be learning of a son's or daughter's lifestyle for the first time.

The number of people who fall victim to the AIDS virus is expected to double within the year and, as seen in the United States, it isn't restricted to what are referred to as the high risk groups (intravenous drug users, hemophiliacs and gays) but will likely strike the entire population in larger numbers. What groups like MacAIDS — which hopes to branch out through the Maritime region eventually — want to do is promote education on the disease, so as to cut down on the prejudice and emotion that seem to follow in its wake, as well as to help people find ways to avoid contracting it.

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Getting up steam on the S&H

The Salem & Hillsborough Railroad provides real and would-be railway buffs with a nostalgic trip into a by-gone age. It's also a new tourist attraction that's creating local jobs

by Peggy Amiraute

It started, like most things, over a bottle of beer and a bit of bull," says Abel Bastarache. It is the Salem & Hillsborough Railroad, a steam and diesel rail excursion service out of Hillsborough, 20 miles south of Moncton on the Petitcodiac River. Some 25,000 people travelled the S&H line this year — not bad considering Hillsborough's population is only 1,200 and the railroad is only two years old. The Salem & Hillsborough is providing New Brunswick with another tourist attraction, and is creating much-needed employment in a hard-hit part of the province.

Bastarache is the brainfather of the S&H but it took the combined efforts of many dedicated railroad buffs and Hillsborough residents to get the project on the rails. A resident of Hampton and an electrician at the Rothesay paper mill, Bastarache is the founder of the New Brunswick Division of the Canadian Railroad Historical Association. Upset at the disappearance of railroad artifacts, he decided in 1978 that a railway museum was needed. Two years later the New Brunswick Division (now the Maritime Division) of the CRHA was established.

At the same time Hillsborough was in an economic bind. The gypsum plant which was the main industry closed. Thus Canadian National lost its biggest client and applied to abandon the rail line. Then a local lumber mill was destroyed by fire (it's since been rebuilt).

Hillsborough's needs and the desires of railway buffs coincided. "A static museum is a stagnant museum," says Bastarache. In 1982 the CRHA, New Brunswick, negotiated with CN, purchased ten miles of tracks and ties, and leased for a nominal sum the right of way. The Hillsborough station was also leased and two baggage cars were refurbished by the association. The Salem & Hillsborough Railroad was more or less in business. By August 1983 some 30 people started work under a government grant clearing the right of way and changing sidings. The first train chugged into Hillsborough station on flatbed rail cars that November.

The hour-long, 20-mile roundtrip to Salem (a mere crossroads) costs \$4.95 for adults. The more leisurely, three-hour journey to down-the-track Baltimore is known as the Sunset Special Dining Train. For \$17.75, fare included, the traveller is served an excellent dinner of steak, roast beef or lobster. About 60 diners are ac-

commodated in two sittings. The Sunset Special is hauled by a diesel — the grade beyond Salem is too much for steam engines.

Currently the S&H has a full-time staff of three and up to 26 seasonal workers. All have been hired under a variety of federal and provincial programs and grants. General Manager Richard Viberg thinks that over the long run four or five permanent jobs and 20 seasonal jobs will be created.



The S&H: towards self-sufficiency

Viberg is in the second year of a five-year mandate to make the railroad self-sufficient. To this end the S&H is undergoing a \$500,000 capital expansion program. Viberg says the railroad can't survive on the attraction of steam trains and tourists alone. (Diesels are used as backup when the steam engines are down.) The Sunset dining car, a remodeled Via Rail coach purchased for \$400, was outfitted with electric heat so it could be used in the autumn and winter. "The response has been way beyond my expectations," says Viberg. Revenue from the Sunset, which started in late July, at last count was about \$30,000. Viberg expects next year it will generate about \$80,000. He sees the Sunset Special as an additional attraction to market the railroad to bus tour operations and convention organizers.

Negotiations are underway to extend the line as the S&H wants to develop what Viberg calls the Baltimore station. The railroad, in conjunction with the Dobson Trail Committee, wants to further develop the area. The Dobson Trail,

which crosses the railroad, runs from Riverview to Fundy National Park, about 70 miles. The idea is to create a permanent picnic and camp site for the use of hikers who frequent the area. The railroad sees a potential for running hikers' or skiers' specials from Hillsborough to Baltimore.

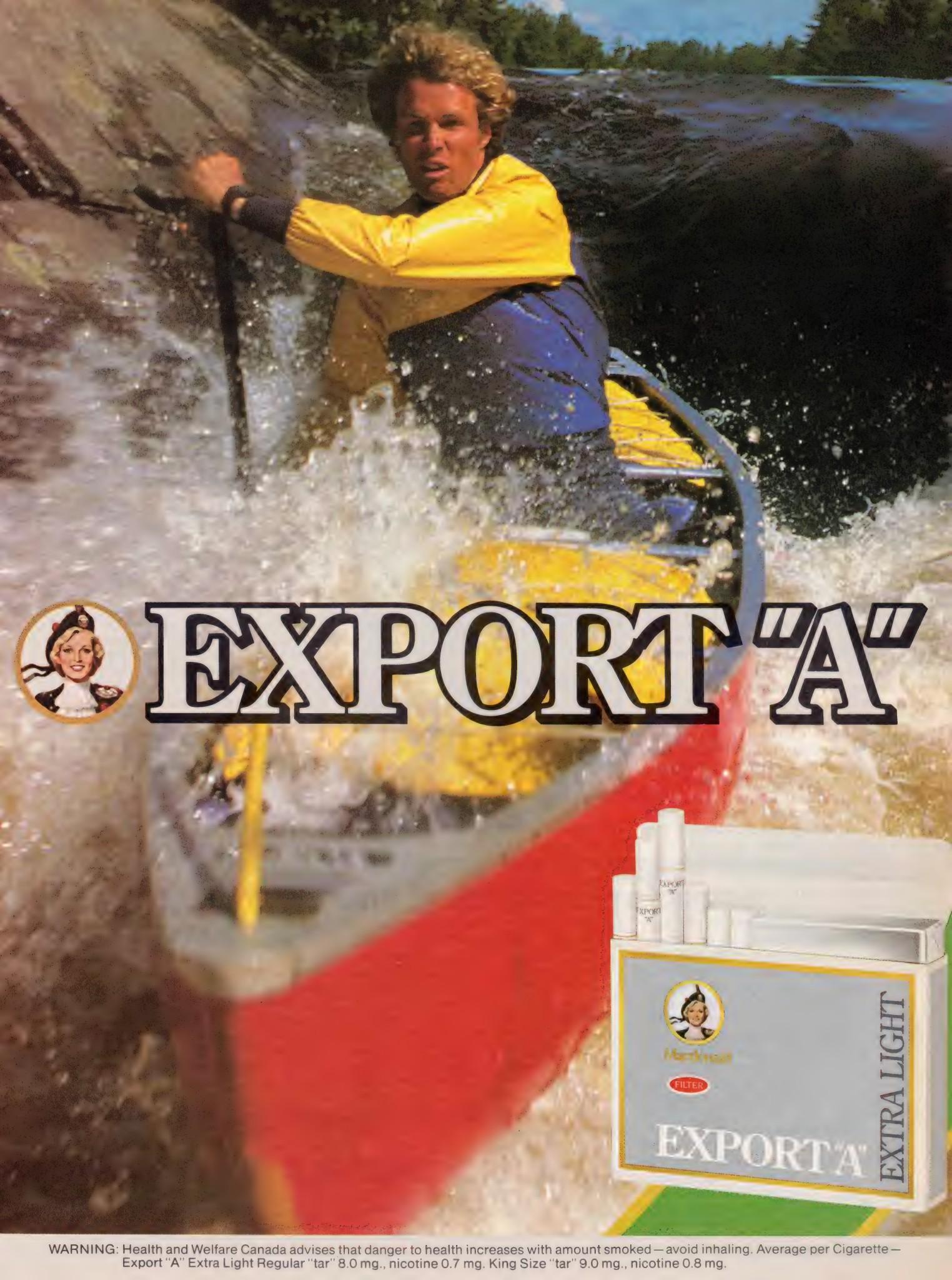
The S&H does its own restoration work and is in the process of setting up a mechanical department. This winter two steam locomotives will undergo extensive maintenance and repair. One will have a new firebox installed because of problems experienced this year. The pride of the restoration work is the Grand Trunk 4275, an old-fashioned passenger coach with a wooden exterior. It was rebuilt as close to its original state as possible with the funding available, a Canada Works grant of about \$37,000. It now has stained glass windows, mahogany paneling, and wooden flooring — definitely not a Via Rail coach. Three hundred people turned out for its inauguration in early September.

A dedicated group of volunteers from Moncton, Saint John and Fredericton, all members of the CRHA, keep the Salem & Hillsborough operating. Without them it couldn't run. And there's nothing in it for the volunteers except satisfaction.

The Salem & Hillsborough was represented at the Heritage Canada Show in Boston, which is for bus tours and travel agents. It's also a member of the Tourist Railroad Association, and Viberg will attend the annual convention. Viberg believes the best marketing approach is through personal contact, not by mail which will likely end up in the rubbish bin.

He comments, "If you want the business you have to keep asking for it, otherwise you're never going to get it. You also have to have a positive attitude. We've had days when the tracks have been flooded. We've had three locomotives down at 9 a.m., with tourists coming in wondering how the hell we were going to run trains. We were 20 minutes late but we got an engine operating and out there. I think it's very important to have a positive attitude."

If a positive attitude and hard work can do it, maybe the Salem & Hillsborough Railroad can match the passenger load of the Conway Scenic Railway in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. After 11 years Conway carries 90,000 passengers annually. He feels if the government sees more local initiatives and co-operation among various groups, it might improve the highway to Fundy National Park and attempt to emphasize it as a destination area. Viberg says, "One must work hard to attain self-sufficiency. So when times are tough you have to work twice as hard to maintain the status quo. The railroad's had a small increase in attendance this year but we're up, and the only reason is because we've worked hard."



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Tradition versus technology among the lobster pens

Everyone seemed to give their blessing to Pete Paton's plan to develop the world's most sophisticated lobster farming project. Then fearful fishermen got the ear of the provincial government

by Barbara MacAndrew

Entrepreneur Pete Paton has spent seven years and over \$700,000 researching, developing and perfecting the world's most sophisticated lobster farming technology in the small seaport of Victoria, P.E.I. Now he's building a \$5.5 million plant with \$4 million in private investment and a loan from the province. The plant will produce lobster-nurturing systems for sale around the world.

Everyone seemed to give their blessing to Paton's project. It would employ 112 people and put P.E.I. on the aquaculture map. It was hailed as a technological idea whose time had come. The P.E.I. Development Agency promised Paton a \$1.5 million loan. Then suddenly Paton's dream nearly became a personal nightmare. P.E.I. lobster fishermen spoke up expressing fear Paton's plan would threaten their traditional livelihood, the Island's number one fisheries money-maker. This opposition triggered a government stall on Paton's loan this past summer.

"It was a blow to have this happen at zero hour after our seven-year project and plans for our plant had been given government blessing all along the way. We had raised the private \$4 million in investment capital. But we had to get the remaining \$1.5 million promised by the development agency before Aug. 31," explains Paton. In his frustration the usually composed entrepreneur wondered on television, "Am I being turned down at the last moment on this loan because I'm a Liberal?"

Industry Minister Wilbur MacDonald said political affiliation had nothing to do with it. "Our government was simply taking time to weigh facts." Pressure from P.E.I. fishermen's groups and some fish processors had caused government to reconsider. One commentator suggested that with election rumors reaching a roar, Premier Jim Lee "just didn't need angry fishermen campaigning against Tories."

Pat O'Neill, general manager of the P.E.I. Fishermen's Association, said Island fishermen felt the lobster farm would hurt their industry. They claimed that for three months they had been asking government to arrange a candid meeting between Paton and fishermen. They said they wished "to air the whole

subject" of tradition versus technology on the fishing of shellfish.

On Aug. 27, with his deadline dangerously close, Paton met with Pat O'Neill in Charlottetown. The two men demanded an immediate government-organized meeting of Paton, lobster fishermen and processing people.

Paton insists his technology won't infringe on fishermen's traditional domain, but will enhance the industry by providing expert technology and support staff. He reasons there would be no necessity to import lobsters to P.E.I. as has been the practice during peak tourist seasons and off-fishing periods.



Paton: to complement, not compete

on P.E.I. But fear, tradition and politics are fuzzing up the chances."

Simply stated, Paton's technology would answer an insatiable world-wide demand for lobster. No one has ever grown them on a commercial scale. And Paton's invention of separate waterfilled "motels" eliminates disease and cannibalism, ensures clean water quality and nutrition, and reduces growth time from seven years in the ocean to 26 months in his farm system. However, the cost of each lobster would be about \$2 higher than in the wild. "This makes the system no commercial threat to traditional fishermen," Paton contends.

"I feel this technology can truly help fishermen. Tanks will be available on P.E.I. for holding wild lobster to grow from canner to market size, so fishermen can get a better price. The regional economy will be helped as well. This is a growth industry. We can become the aquaculture capital of the world with what we have developed here," Paton says.

Leonard Hogan, Tignish Co-op manager, explains, "Fishermen's fear is based on high unemployment in fishing ports. Everyone is running scared. Low prices for catches, drop-offs in U.S. markets and hassles over foreign exports are a few reasons."

Lionel MacNab, Covehead Bay, says "I'll sell you my lobster boat right now if you'd buy it. Not because they're building a lobster technology plant but because lobster prices are too low for the costs of fishing them. I don't think Paton's plant will affect us that much, not for a while anyway."

Paton seems sanguine today on what he went through to get his advanced lobster technology started on P.E.I. "I can understand fishermen's concern. They heard rumors. I don't think they realized what we are providing is technology. They are fishing to the maximum now and can't expand to meet world market demands . . . if we don't proceed here on the Island, you may be sure someone, somewhere else will take advantage of the opportunity."

On Aug. 28 Paton's zero hour problems intensified. Several Bunbury residents who hadn't chosen to come to the initial meeting which gave approval to Paton's plant site, held a meeting and voted not to allow the marine farm's plant in their area. It didn't make any difference. Sod was turned for the plant in late September.

His loan was finally approved on Sept. 3. He will proceed with his aquaculture. "I guess our dream will come true after all. But there have been anxious moments. The last week of August was a stressful one, indeed. We Islanders have always been a bit slow to change and embrace new concepts," he muses, remembering the province's early 1900s legislation banning automobiles.

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Frank Moores: cashing in on his connections

He hasn't been in elective politics since 1979 but Newfoundland's former premier still stalks the corridors of power — and gets very well paid for his labors

by William Kelly

When Prime Minister Brian Mulroney was settling in at 24 Sussex Drive over a year ago, former Newfoundland premier Frank Moores was busy setting up two high-priced lobbying companies in downtown Ottawa, a stone's throw from Parliament.

As one of Mulroney's closest friends and a key figure in plotting his rise to power, Moores found himself at the top of the pecking order for government largesse.

One of his first plums was a directorship with the board of Air Canada, which included passes for unlimited first class travel on the national airline. Now, however, it's become a bumpy ride for Moores, who's also an ex MP and former national president of the Conservative party.

Over the summer, Moores became the object of intense scrutiny by the media and severe, unrelenting criticism by the Opposition. In early September he issued a terse statement resigning from Air Canada, saying he was "fed up with the continuing harassment" from reporters and the Opposition. The uproar over his directorship and consulting work had convinced him that he "couldn't win the battle" and would have to quit.

Now that he no longer has any official link with the government, Moores says he hopes the media will leave him alone and stop "the constant innuendo and slanting of facts." The pressure had been mounting since it was revealed in early July that he was doing consulting work for Wardair and Nordair — two of Air Canada's principal competitors.

The federal government used to give all its travel business to Air Canada, but the Tories have changed the system and other airlines, including the two Moores represented, are now angling for a share of the contracts.

Moores tried to explain away the apparent conflict of interest by saying other people in his firm handled the accounts, but the opposition intensified and newspapers across the country published editorials decrying the arrangement. He eventually dropped the accounts voluntarily after Air Canada Chairman Claude Taylor interceded personally to persuade him that the potential existed for a serious conflict of interest.

By then, Moores was also being roundly criticized for his involvement with two other companies trying to strike a deal with Air Canada. British Aerospace and Messerschmitt-Bolkow-Blohm (MBB) GmbH of Munich — both of which are on Moores' list of clients — are part of a consortium lobbying Air Canada to buy new wide-bodied passenger jets to replace its aging fleet of Boeing 727s.



Moores: flamboyant lobbyist under attack

Moores' problems in Ottawa can be blamed as much on his bold, unorthodox style as the type of companies he represents. If he isn't driving around the nation's capital in his white Mercedes bearing Newfoundland and Labrador licence plates or stalking the corridors of power, he's likely to be found on the cocktail circuit.

He does his lobbying up front face-to-face with the politicians and the bureaucrats — trading on his connections, and on his reputation as a man who has the prime minister's ear.

It's a practice that has reportedly angered some people in the prime minister's office and infuriated Ottawa's more traditional lobbyists who would have you believe they sell sophisticated analysis rather than advocacy as their main service.

"Frank is running an escort service," one competitor says. "He packs the

client's bag, carries it through the right door and then makes his case for him." Moores rejects that argument out of hand, calling it "completely unfair and untrue." He claims he's in "what you'd call the translation business. We translate the needs of businessmen into language that government can understand."

For a fisherman in Nova Scotia making an unusual application for a licence transfer, the hiring of one of Moores' companies translated into a private meeting with former federal fisheries minister John Fraser and subsequent approval of his licence, although departmental officials had originally turned it down.

Fraser was apparently unaware that part of the fisherman's fee was for arranging the meeting, until the issue blew up in his face on the floor of the House of Commons. Senior officials in the PMO were said to be aghast at the arrangement, prompting them to announce that new guidelines to place tighter restrictions on Moores and other lobbyists would be formulated, even a U.S.-style system of registration for lobbyists.

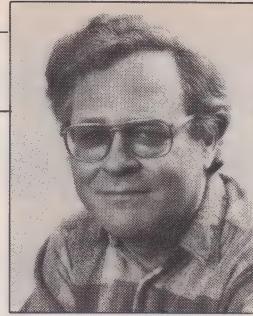
Moores has been a controversial character since he and a rag-tag collection of diehard Tories and turncoat Liberals drove Joey Smallwood and crew from office in 1971, banishing the only government Newfoundlanders had known since joining Confederation 22 years earlier.

Moores got in by the skin of his teeth, with a bare majority, but when Joey retired a few months later, leaving the Liberals in tatters, he called a snap election and won by a landslide, nearly wiping out the opposition.

The son of a wealthy outport fish merchant, Moores had been elected on a promise of reform, a solemn commitment to clean up the government and put an end to the Smallwood brand of patronage and nepotism.

He wasn't in office very long, however, before many Newfoundlanders were complaining that the only thing he had changed was the cast of characters. One of the first people to get a cushy government job was Moores' own brother-in-law, and it wasn't long before government boards and agencies were chock-a-block with the long-suffering Tory faithful. Moores resigned as premier in 1979 and had kept a very low profile until the recent fuss in Ottawa brought him once again into the public eye.

Ed Roberts, the former Liberal leader, who lost to Moores in both 1972 and 1975, says he wasn't "terribly surprised" to hear of his latest scrape in Ottawa. Roberts, who has worked as a lawyer for Moores since leaving politics, says he doesn't want to open old wounds, but suggests that Moores has been overtaken by events that he hadn't taken into account, an evolution in "ethical standards" since the 1970s.



Thoughts hidden on a blank page

Writing is not just something a writer has on his mind before he begins to write; it is also the discovery of his own thoughts

It was 13 years ago that an idea about the act of writing first wedged itself in my head, and since then I've often stumbled on something in print that has tapped the wedge in further. In 1972 I discovered some of my late father's unpublished reflections, and they included, "I have long been intrigued by W.H. Auden's comment in *The Dryer's Hand* (1962): 'As a rule the sign that a beginner has a genuine original talent is that he is more interested in playing with words than in saying something original; his attitude is that of the old lady, quoted by E.M. Forster . . .'" The old lady had said, "*How can I know what I think till I see what I say?*" The italics are mine, and the old lady's question is our text for today.

My father was a poet who believed "the flying sparks" of his best poems were "happy accidents that occurred in the midst of infinite labor with ideas, dreams and words, the trick being to work like hell and let yourself be accident-prone." He was talking here about the creation of his poetry, but he also wrote fiction, and for the creation of his novels I'm sure the "trick" was the same. Work like hell. Let yourself be accident-prone. In other words, when the creative writer faces the blank page — or, if he's technologically *au courant*, his Visual Display Terminal — he doesn't really know what's going to come out of himself.

That's part of what E.M. Forster's old lady meant when she asked, "How can I know what I think till I see what I say?" Twelve years after I found her question in my dead father's musty papers, I happened upon an uncannily similar thought by that superb novelist of the deep American south, Flannery O'Connor: "I write because I don't know what I think until I read what I say." Then she knew, and so did all who read her. Poet Elizabeth Bishop described O'Connor's work as "clear, hard, vivid, and full of more real poetry than a dozen books of poems."

What's been dawning on me is that even writers of *non-fiction* often don't know what they think till they've sat down at a desk to try to write clear, hard, vivid prose. Most people, I'm sure, think good non-fiction is simply the lucid expression of completed thought. You assemble your information and reach your conclusions first, then you use a certain technical skill to lay them out so everyone will understand them.

Pierre Berton was once said to be so

good at doing this that he could carry the process an amazing step further. The legend was that while sitting on an airplane or even lolling at poolside with friends, he'd retreat into himself and construct entire columns in his head, sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph. "When he's composing this way, he's terrible company," Vancouver columnist Jack Scott told *Maclean's* in 1962. "His eyes are glazed like an owl at eventide, and he's not with you."

That's a pretty story, but I don't believe it. I believe Berton was sometimes terrible company, with glazed eyes, and that the reason for this may even have been his concentrating on something he had to write, but I do not believe he ever perfected finished pieces entirely in his head. Some have resented Berton's arrogant manner, but a writer of his experience would never have been arrogant enough to assume a column in his head was so polished he could get away with just dictating it to a secretary. He'd have reported to a typewriter himself, and the *act of writing*, the physical business of stringing out words on paper, forces every writer not just to clarify his thinking but also to adjust it.

"Careful language," Albert Joseph writes in *Executive Guide to Grammar* (1984), "is usually a sign of careful thinking." Is careless language a sign of careless thinking? George Orwell thought so. He said our language "becomes ugly and inaccurate because our thoughts are foolish, but the slovenliness of our language makes it easier for us to have foolish thoughts." U.S. historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., put it this way: language "is the medium that organizes categories of thought, shapes the development of ideas, and incorporates a philosophy of existence."

That master among modern American essayists, E.B. White, says, "I always write a thing first and think about it afterwards, which is not a bad procedure, because the easiest way to have consecutive thoughts is to start putting them down." Once you've put them down, you start tinkering with them, rearranging, linking, and shaping them. In the words of the elderly and excellent Sir Victor Sawdon Pritchett, "Revising always improves writing." Revising also improves thinking. Having been a writer for six decades, Pritchett told *The Guardian* in 1979 that he'd finally decided, "To write is to find

out what one thinks." Sir Victor, meet Flannery O'Connor.

A review, essay, editorial, or column — or indeed almost any non-fiction that's more ambitious than a grocery list or a formula obituary — is not just an expression of something a writer had on his mind before he began to write, and it is not just a piece of communication. It is also the writer's *discovery* of his own thoughts. This may partly explain why so many writers are abysmal as public speakers. They cannot think on their feet while offering words to a crowd. They can only think on their seat while offering words to the silence of a clean sheet of paper. I can scarcely think at all unless I'm sitting before a typewriter, or moving a ball-point pen across a smooth, gleaming plane, preferably white and eight-and-a-half by eleven inches.

But it's fashionable among linguistic scientists to argue that trying to teach "proper English" is both futile and undemocratic. The theory is that children and teen-agers communicate well enough in their own argot; and in any event they're growing up in a world that has less and less use for formal literary skills. If you argue that it's still important for youngsters to learn good, grammatical, Standard English, you may find yourself accused of elitism, snobbery, or even a kind of linguistic racism that favors well-heeled, well-spoken white kids over, say, poor black urchins who are fluent only in Afro-American street-talk.

The learned folk who've preached this eyewash for a couple of decades — and back it up with "irrefutable scientific research" — are partly to blame for a decline in the teaching of English that has, in turn, led to a decline of literacy among youngsters all over the English-speaking world. Here, from Robert Burchfield's new book, *The English Language*, is an example of a British 15-year-old's prose in 1982:

"Thank you everso much for the Bangles they are a very plesent contribution for my megar Collection. Christmas here was a bit of a bore (not ment to say that but its' true) We had no family or friends to enjoy it with (I'm telling you this Because it becomes very Boreing telling people what a Lovely Christmas we had when infact it was incredibly boreing)"

If writing is thinking, that kid's got a problem.

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NATO planes shatter the Innu's peace



DONNA SINCLAIR/UNITED CHURCH OBSERVER

Fighter jets in training, screaming past at treetop level, are disturbing the native people and, apparently, the wildlife of Labrador. Some think the planes are marvelous for the economy. They want more

by Donna Sinclair

Caribou meat is sweet and very tender. Cooked over a wood fire, nestled in onion and its own juice, accompanied by long chunks of golden fry bread, it becomes a permanent addiction. For the Innu (the 10,000 Naskapi and Montagnais Indians) of the Quebec-Labrador peninsula, the caribou is both a dietary staple and a symbol for their territory. Carrying their tents on their backs, they followed the restless creature for most of their long history. Its migration patterns defined their land, title to which they have never given up.

Despite its bleak ruggedness white people have found their country — Ntesinan — valuable. The red earth has been dug up from huge open pits at Scheferville, Wabush and Labrador City to produce iron for the steel mills of Hamilton, Pittsburgh and Europe. The water has been backed up for 2,700 square miles at Churchill Falls producing power for Quebec and New York State. The great caribou herds were at times diminished by sport hunting, while the Innu themselves were persuaded into permanent villages in the 1950s.

Now the white people have also discovered a use for the air. NATO pilots from Germany and Britain (and soon, the U.S.) are using it to practise low-level flying, very low-level, flinging their F-4 Phantom and Tornado jets at 900 kilometres an hour 100 feet above the

elongated lakes and spiky forests of Labrador — and over the fragile tents of the Innu.

This activity creates problems — for the caribou, and for them, as more and more they leave the villages for part of the year to return to the wilds — the "country," they call it — for hunting and fishing. As Sylvestre Mallec, of La Romaine, Que., explains, "One of the flights flew so low, the camp's 16-foot radio antenna was broken. Alice Bellefleur and her daughter, Anis, with the whole family in canoes, were crossing Lac Philipot. The flights came in mid-lake and the children threw themselves into the water and had to hang onto canoes. And this was a problem because they didn't know how to swim."

Ambroise Mark, also of La Romaine, tells how he "had gone to the camp this April. I was only able to stay two days because of harassment in the camp." The only thing he was able to get was fish. There was no hare, no partridge, no moose around there at all. His children were very frightened, and they had sore ears. "Before the flights started three years ago, there were a lot of animals in the area. They all seem to have disappeared." A recurring theme in the reports of the hunters is the noise: "It deafens us for a short while, because it is just too powerful," says one.

An F-4 Phantom jet, at the speeds and altitude used in these exercises, emits a

Innu assembly: ignored

noise level of 110 to 126 decibels. The pain threshold for most people is between 110 and 130 decibels. Particularly stressful is the fact that there is no warning, and no place to escape. The thin walls of a tent provide little protection. And according to Peter Armitage of the Native People's Support Group of Newfoundland and Labrador, there are sometimes "two to four aircraft, side by side."

Another frequent theme is the concern of the Innu for their children, sometimes frightened into hiding in the forest. Charles-Apis Bellefleur of La Romaine states that "small children who are overflowed will definitely be disturbed. Although I am full grown, I had problems with my ears."

Then there are problems for the wildlife. These people, who know the caribou better than any other, perceive a change in their migration patterns and an abandonment of some of the traditional calving grounds. Other animals are disturbed as well. Etienne Bellefleur of La Romaine has seen "beavers dead in the last three years. I've never seen animals dying for no reason."

The Innu Kanantuapseth (National Council) organized an assembly last May at Northwest Point, two miles from the village of Sheshashit, Lab., which is itself about 20 miles from the Happy Valley/Goose Bay Canadian Forces Base where the flights originate. The telling of stories like these culminated in the signing of a resolution by the delegates (from most of the 13 Innu communities) condemning the "use of our territory . . . the

THE NORTH

migration grounds of the caribou... for military purposes." They were especially nervous about the negative effects of the flights on wildlife, pointing, as the resolution says, to "a severe reduction in live births and a significant decrease in trapping income."

There exists at the moment only a desk review of the possible environmental impact of low-level flying. Done by Major George Landry of the Department of National Defense, it suggests negligible impact. But Stuart Lutrich, regional wildlife biologist for the Newfoundland government, in a 1983 letter to the Naskapi-Montagnais Innu Association (the forerunner of the National Council) disputes that. "The impact," he says, "of low-level flying Phantom jet aircraft upon caribou population dynamics remains unquantified and hypothetical."

Similarly, Canadian Wildlife Service biologist Ian Goudie wrote to the NMIA's Peter Penashue, in October 1984, that "the effects of low-level flying on wildlife are unknown, as no published studies exist. This then raises the question of how any agency could conclude that impacts would be minimal... studies would have to be long-term, at least five years."

The Innu would like a major inquiry into the social, economic and environmental impact of the military presence in Labrador — and they consider it crucial to be among those drawing up

the criteria for it. John Butt, Newfoundland's minister of the environment, says his government does plan a \$100,000 study of the environment. But whether the Innu will be among those setting the terms of reference "has yet to be determined."

Innu attempts to meet with the military authorities have been similarly unsuccessful. Lt.-Col. John David of the Goose Bay base was scheduled to meet with delegates at the May assembly. However, David explains, he couldn't meet with the Innu because of the presence of "politically-motivated groups in the meeting tent."

The National Council was assisted in the organization of the conference by Project North, a coalition of nine Canadian churches, which has a ten-year history of support work with native peoples. Present as observers and resource people were representatives from a local peace group, the church coalitions, GATT-fly (a group concerned with economic justice), Project Ploughshares (concerned with militarism and development), and Oxfam (also concerned with development issues). Also present were University of Toronto economics professor Mel Watkins and a member of Germany's Green Party.

More than anything, though, the Innu would simply like their privacy back. "I like it in the country," says Mary Anne Michel, a grandmother from Sheshashit.

"We never had any sickness." The people, she says, aren't used to the house. "Your legs get tired on the boards. On the ground they are just working right good."

David explains that there is no need for conflict between planes and people. "All you have to do is let us know when you're going to camp, for how long, let us know where you're going. We tell the pilots to treat the camp like a surface-to-air missile system and to avoid it. It builds in a training program for them."

But Penashue, for one, finds registering one's movements "like attending a visit in Russia and reporting every half-hour, 'This is where I'm going, this is what I'll be doing'. I'm kept on tap all the time. This is a loss of privacy."

Related to that is the Innu concern that the movement back to the country, which has provided their children with a chance to learn the traditional ways, will be eroded. Afraid to go out, people may remain in the villages where they have never been at home. And, Penashue says softly, "in the community, how dirty it is. The only people who live there are dead or dying. There is nothing worth talking about, nothing worth living for. Every agency is on the corner."

He contrasts that with the country. "There, you live a full life. There I see people in full control of their lives — economically, socially, spiritually, every way. It makes me feel good. But in the

WORLD FAMOUS
DE RENOMMÉE MONDIALE



IN THE WORLD OF RUMS, THIS ONE STAND

community, all I see is the waste, the unconfidence, the willingness of people to change for someone else."

Pressure to change in the form of rapidly increasing military activity is fast approaching. Canada is pushing hard to have Goose Bay selected as NATO's Tactical Fighter Weapons Training Centre. To make the bid more attractive, Justice Minister John Crosbie announced last June that \$93 million would be spent improving Goose Bay airport facilities.

At the same time, Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford announced the transfer of land to the federal government for use as a Tactical Air Weapons Range, promising three similar sites in the future. This would mean many more planes, as well as an instrumented air combat manoeuvring range similar to the one at Cold Lake, Alta.

No elected representatives of the Innu were consulted.

Environment Minister Butt also is promoting the development of Labrador as a NATO base. Despite the possibility of "head-on collision with special-interest groups," he says, "I'm not going to deviate from that one bit. Labrador is in desperate need of a shot in the arm."

Opinion about increased military activity varies within the local white community. Harry Bakey, a soft-spoken Labradorian whose family has been in the Happy Valley area for four generations, states the problem clearly: "The military is the only source of stabilization in this

area. I'd like to see more Canadian Forces here — the basis for larger NATO participation."

Bakey is sympathetic to the Innu. "I'm sure the people are concerned. They're fighting for more than having the military here — sovereignty, identity, I suppose." But he is not opposed to the flights. "If it was damaging the environment, I'd have to question it. But at this point, no?"

Bob and Isabel Watts of North West River agree. Bob is a "settler", someone whose roots go back to early white inhabitants and the Inuit. Isabel is a former Grenfell nurse, "a bit of an artist" who loves "the countryside, the colors" with an obvious passion. "It's been good for our children to grow up here," she explains. She and Bob debate the possibilities of other jobs that could keep people in the area, but end up returning to the base at Goose Bay. "If they weren't here," she admits, "there'd be less jobs. They talk of many things up here — an aluminum smelter, uranium mines — but nothing ever happens."

Cyril Micheline, an elderly trapper who remembers when "fur was a pretty good way to make a living", points out that "we got so much unemployment — the worst in Canada."

But Jean Crane, a trapper's daughter and member of the board of regents of Memorial University, objects strongly to the low-level flying, "because it is military." Opposed to military escalation

in general, she also remembers particular incidents when "the American military sprayed DDT over our community so they could barbecue without the blackflies. It was like a sterile world. You couldn't hear birdsongs. It took the last ten years for the birds to come back again."

Her roots too, are deeply in the region. "I don't think it's necessary to get the military in to get the economy rolling. If the people who came here for military employment — if they went back, we could have a smaller population, and our resources could look after them."

Like the Innu from Natashquan, Davis Inlet, Mingan, Schefferville and the other communities who assembled to protest the flying, Jean Crane fails to see how being thinly populated necessarily makes her country ideally suited for low-level flying. "I think of people like the Germans and the British, looking at this spot on the map, and saying 'It doesn't matter.' But it does matter. Just because we are few in number, doesn't mean we don't matter."

It is a poignant echo of the words of young Penashue, striving to convey the power he finds in "going to the country" after the caribou. "It helps me see more clearly", he says. "I feel I have the strength to say 'I'll watch my daily life'. Because this is me. It took me thousands of years to evolve to where I am. I'm glad to speak my language, to have my history. Now I have begun to regain the strength of my grandfather."



S ALONE. MYERS'S PLANTERS' PUNCH RUM.

SPECIAL REPORT

THE NEW MAGIC OF FOXES

The silver fox industry of Prince Edward Island went from dizzying heights to the depths of despair. Now it's found prosperity

by Harry Bruce

Each Christmas season, farmers from around Prince Edward Island truck close to a thousand dead foxes to the Keith Wayne Milligan spread at Tyne Valley. Milligan and a crew of four skin the beasts and then flesh, clean, stretch and dry the pelts. "We start in the last week of November," says Milligan, "and work right through till January 1. If there's enough coming in, we work day and night, although we do take two days off at Christmas." Pelting is not a job for the clumsy. Prime silver fox pelts have fetched as much as \$500 in recent years, and as Milligan says, "You can ruin the whole pelt if you don't do it properly."

At 35, Milligan is a lean, intense man with a no-nonsense manner that is at least partially responsible for his position as a Liberal member of the Prince Edward Island Legislature. His farm lies in the western end of the province, where he lives with his wife, three children and a sizable herd of foxes. It was at his end of the Island that the world's first successful fox farmers ran their secret ranches almost a century ago. His own family has been in the business for three generations. Assorted Milligans participated in the spectacular rise and dizzying fall of the fox industry in its golden era, and assorted Milligans are involved in its present resurgence.

The boom began in the early 1900s, after Island farmers proved that man could breed silver foxes in captivity. The pelts were of such dazzling quality that European fur buyers, answering to the fashion industry, drove prices to miraculous heights.

After World War II, however, the industry collapsed like a punctured dirigible. "At one point in the '50s, I was down to five females," recalls 69-year-old Lloyd Lockerby. Now, with his son Ian, he keeps 80 breeding females and 25 males. In the summer, after the whelping, the Lockerby ranch boasts 350 foxes. Lockerby is a tall, balding farmer with mild blue



PHOTOS BY BARRETT TIMACKAY

eyes and a reputation for having such rapport with foxes that he can handle them bare-handed, and still keep all his meaty fingers. "I'd gone into mink," he says, "but I never got to like the little scamps. I like foxes. To me, a fox is an individual with a personality. Mink are just a pack of animals."

More than a decade ago, a turn-about began. In 1974, while researching a paper on the history of fox farming, Milligan noticed that pelt prices were once again on the rise. He had never been a rancher, but his father, Charles, had and they knew someone who owned the last of the fine old foxes: Lloyd Lockerby.

Milligan paid \$250 each for 15 silver foxes in 1974 and believes he was the first among a new generation of Island fox farmers. "We got in early, and we got in cheap," he says, "and then everything started to grow." In 1978, the average price for a fox pelt in Canada was \$364, the highest in half a century. And although prices have dropped somewhat since then the volume of sales has been impressive: in 1983, Canadian fur farms produced 32,551 pelts with a value nudging \$5,816,000.

Not surprisingly, Islanders were quick to exploit the reviving market. In 1970, there were six breeders on the entire Island, with a combined stock of 200 foxes; in late 1984, there were 181 ranches, raising nearly 10,000 animals.

Long before the oldest of today's breeders was born, wild silver fox was already the cream of fur fashion. A superior pelt was worth \$100 in London in 1876, while beaver sold for only \$2.50. But as overtrapping made wild foxes scarce, the price rose still higher, and farmers and trappers dug foxes out of their dens, put them in cages and hoped they would breed. None of the experiments came to much until 1894, when Charles Dalton of Tignish, and Robert Oulton, a New Brunswicker who had settled on nearby Cherry Island, formed an amiable, profitable, initially secret and ultimately historic partnership.

Working together on Cherry Island — later renamed Oulton Island — the two men pioneered fox breeding. They realized immediately that they were onto a good thing and took steps to keep even their neighbors, let alone the world, from learning about it.

Dalton and Oulton could not maintain their monopoly forever. The Island is small, its society intimate. Friendships are fast, and so is gossip. Around 1900, when a Cherry Island pelt sold in London for the amazing price of \$1,807, Dalton sold a breeding pair of silver foxes to a hunting buddy named Robert Tuplin for \$340. In partnership with Captain James Gordon, Tuplin founded the Island's second fox ranch at Black Banks, and as early as 1904, one of the pelts earned \$1,800. As more cheques poured in from London, Tuplin and Gordon deposited them in assorted banks around the island. They did not want their neighbors to know how rich they were getting.



Lockerby handles them bare-handed

At the same time, two other Islanders, B.I. Rayner and his father, Silas, were working independently with stock developed from wild foxes that the younger Rayner had dug out of their dens in 1896. The Rayners, too, were getting very rich, very fast, and they soon joined Dalton, Oulton, Tuplin and Gordon to shut out future competition. They all agreed never to sell any breeding stock to anyone. But the Big Six combine, as it was known, fell apart during the hysteria that followed the pelt sale of 1910.

That year, according to fox-fur historians Joseph and Anne Forester, "the Dalton and Oulton pelt harvest of 25 skins commanded a grand total of \$34,649.50, a considerable fortune in the days when the standard wage of Prince Edward Island male farm help was \$26.20 per month...An average of \$1,386 per skin was obtained for the lot, with \$2,624 being paid for the finest pelt. After that sale, no amount of secrecy could hide the fabulous new industry and the wealth it brought...The Big Six would soon be joined by hundreds more."

"In 1911 and 1912, all available foxes were sold for breeders," the book *Fur Farming in Canada* reported in 1913. "In 1911, the price rose to \$5,000 a pair, and about littering time in 1912, one pair sold for \$20,000. By December 1912, old proven breeders of good quality were valued at from \$18,000 to \$35,000 a pair." As early as 1911, *Maclean's* reported that Islanders had gone "literally fox crazy. From the lieutenant governor down, hundreds of people are dabbling in the business." By 1913, no less than 33 Island fox companies had been incorporated, and the number of ranches had reached 277.

Conspicuous consumption became a passion for many of the breeders. Indeed, it is doubtful that any nouveau riche ever enjoyed spending more than did the horny-handed pioneers of Island fur farming. Frank Tuplin, Robert's nephew, had little education, and as soon as he struck it rich, he imported an English tutor at a salary of \$10,000 a year. He also paid \$8,000 for an open Pierce Arrow, which, in the words of a contemporary, was "as long as a city block and all covered in silver."

The industry boomed through the 1920s (when, for a while, Islanders enjoyed the highest per capita income in Canada) and held its own through the Depression. Thanks to the fox business, says Betty Jean Brown, secretary of the Island Fur Breeders Association, "there was no Depression here. It wasn't just farmers who kept foxes, you know. Everybody had at least a couple of foxes, everybody."

The tide, however, was about to turn. Fox farming flourished briefly in the early 1940s after crafty breeders used "freaks," or mutations, to develop Platinums, Pearl Platinums, Pearlatinas, Glacier Blues and White Faces, but in the postwar era, the industry simply collapsed. The future



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looked so grim that hundreds of ranchers "pealed out" their entire herds.

What had happened? Taxation in Canada, import duties in the United States, competition from Scandinavia and the Soviet Union, war in Europe, feed shortages and floods of inferior Canadian pelts all conspired to scuttle fox farming. And worse still, the fur of the silver fox, once proclaimed by a fur-farm proprietor as being "[un] susceptible to the whimsical caprice of Madame Fashion" and "always fashionable," proved vulnerable after all. Heads and paws of foxes dangling from a woman's shoulders now struck many as passé.

Foxes are members of the dog family, but generations of captivity have not made them tame. When one strolls among the pens on a ranch, some foxes clamber frantically on the wire mesh that imprisons them, some pace like disturbed tigers in a zoo, others gaze fearfully from their man-made wooden dens.

Foxes are nervous, and none are more nervous than pregnant vixens at whelping time. During the last two weeks of pregnancy, says Donald Thompson, "you don't like strangers coming around." Nor do the pregnant animals like the sounds of tractors, snowmobiles, angry dogs or low-flying helicopters and airplanes. Ranchers paint their roofs yellow and black to signify "fox ranch" to pilots, and they also notify airports as whelping approaches.

Since breeding occurs in February and March and the gestation period lasts 50-odd days, fox pups are born in April and May. They are blind at birth, weigh about three ounces and are no bigger than kittens. In fact, when the mother of a fox litter fails to produce milk, ranchers may use a nursing cat as a surrogate mother — an old trick on the Island. "It still works," says Thompson, "if you can get some cats pregnant at the right time. But after three or four weeks, the pups are as big as the cat."

When killed in their first December, the market foxes are young adults. Their fur is glossy and luxuriously thick. From nose to snowy tail tip, they are about 36 inches long. For auction purposes, the Hudson's Bay Company classifies stretched fox pelts in four sizes: Zero, One, Two, Three. The biggest are the Zeros, and they are a minimum of 40 inches long. Romping in their pens, silver foxes appear as hefty as border collies, which weight up to 40 pounds, but it is a rare fox that weighs even half that much. "Once you strip off all that fur," says one rancher, "you've got a pretty skinny animal." Captive foxes are not expensive to feed. Throughout their lives, they eat only six to eight ounces per day. Some cats eat that much.

The Milligans, the Lockerbys and dozens of other ranchers prepare their own fox feed. Some grind up tripe, chicken livers, junk fish, raw horse meat or beef offal and then mix the combina-

tion with water and commercially prepared fox meal. "Everybody has his own formula," says Betty Jean Brown.

The killing is not pretty, but it is more merciful than it used to be. "It was the custom to place the animal on the ground and have an assistant stand on the chest cavity," the book *Theory and Practice of Fox Ranching* reported in 1926. "It does not require a great deal of imagination to understand what torture this brings to any animal." Nowadays, most ranchers use injections to paralyze the heart muscle, or electrocution.

The first stage of the pelt preparation is skinning and fleshing the carcass. Donald Thompson's "fleshing machine" looks like a big lathe with an elongated cone serving as a kind of spool. He attaches the dead fox to the spool, and the machine not only cuts the flesh from the pelt but also sucks the fat into a tank. (The offal is sold "for virtually nothing" to an abattoir for conversion into animal feed and bonemeal.) The second stage is cleansing. The pelt, skin side out, goes into a spinning drum — Thompson's is about seven feet in diameter — filled with sawdust or corn grit.

The third stage is stretching and drying, the trickiest part of the operation. Like other ranchers, Thompson stretches the pelts on narrow boards with ventilation slits and hangs them up for two days.

When the two days are up, Thompson removes the pelts from the stretching boards and lets them dangle free for another two days "to shape them up." He uses a furnace fan for his drying system.

Some ranchers dry their pelts with the fur out, while others use the more traditional fur-in method. After the drying, Thompson puts his pelts through a fourth and final process. He drums them all over again, fur side out, using two grades of sawdust. Only after that final drumming does he box them for shipment.

Thompsonview Fur Farms enjoys a reputation as one of the most progressive fox operations in Canada. But not even Thompson bets his entire future on foxes. He planned to keep 18 cows for breeding this summer and has imported a one-ton bull, named Mr. T., of "an exotic French breed." Fox raising is essentially a part-time occupation. The hard part — pelting and breeding — comes during the winter, and that means it fits into the work schedules of farmers and fishermen perfectly. In winter, they have time.

The first of the breeding begins a month after the killing. A male is usually bred to three or four females, but if his sperm is particularly healthy, Thompson may breed him to as many as a dozen, taking a different vixen to him every couple of days. The cost of a good pair of breeders today is \$1,000 to \$1,500, but since mating is polygamous, it is no longer as common to buy couples as it once was. Though a single good breeding fox, male or female, might cost \$700 or \$800, Thompson has sold some superfine

SPECIAL REPORT

animals "for upwards to \$2,000." Both he and Lockerby, however, believe artificial insemination, already established in European fox farming, is on its way to Canada.

Some Island ranchers sell their pelts at auctions in Scandinavia; others consign them to brokers in New York. But the undisputed heavyweight champion at buying and selling pelts is the Hudson's Bay Company, which has been in the fur trade now over 300 years. The company not only auctions in New York, London and Toronto but also ensures its grip on the industry by lending money to fox ranchers, insuring their pelts, helping them select their breeders and distributing tips about genetics, diet, disease control, pelt handling and ranch management.

There is one concern that threatens the newborn buoyancy of the fox farming trade, and it worries ranchers, middlemen, manufacturers, retailers, indeed everyone in the business. It is, as one rancher put it, "the antis," which he pronounced "ant-eyes" and by which he meant animal-rights militants. Most of the farmers are as indignant about the militants as they are fearful of them. "They twist facts," Betty Jean Brown charged during a recent fox show in Charlottetown. "If they came to this show, they'd start complaining about the foxes being in cages so small they can scarcely turn around, but they fail to mention that at home, they're in pens half the size of this room."

While the farmers fret about extremists, another Islander — a young artist and poet named Wayne Wright — pursues a happier fox obsession. In a rangy green Victorian mansion in Summerside, he is creating a museum called The International Hall of Fame of the Fox. He is filling it with fox-ranching implements and artifacts, pelts, stuffed foxes, old ranch photographs and trade magazines, portraits of the pioneers of the industry and a den into which children may crawl to feel like little foxes. The mansion once belonged to the Holman family, the major merchants on the Island. In 1909, farmer Frank Tuplin asked John S. Hinton, the credit manager for the R.T. Holman Company Ltd., for \$30 credit to buy groceries for his family. Hinton turned him down. But one year later, as news of the historic pelt sale in London swept the Island, who should approach Tuplin with money? None other than John S. Hinton. Would Tuplin let him have two pairs for a mere \$10,000, thus breaking The Big Six agreement never to sell breeders to outsiders? Tuplin then let it be known that he would sell foxes to anyone who would meet his price. He soon grew rich, and so did many of his customers. For decades to come, fox farming would fuel the economy and color the culture of an entire province. "To me," says curator Wright, "fox is a magic word." He is not the first Islander to feel that way.



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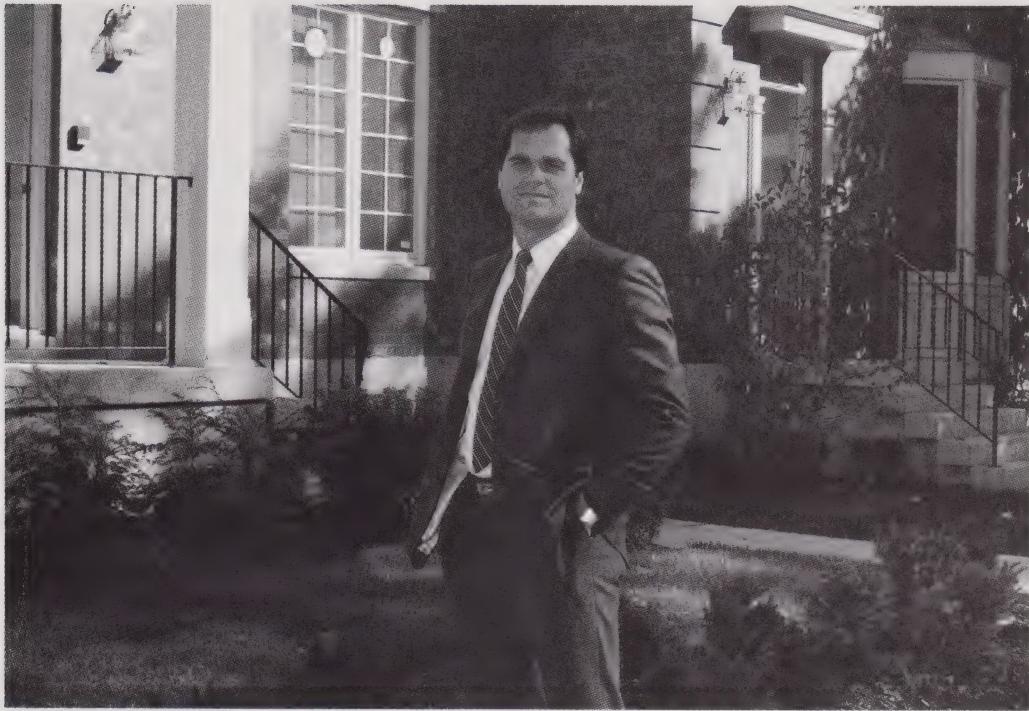
Style

A new wave of condos

PHOTO BY JOHN DAVIS



CITY Style



JOHN DAVIS

Peter Ryan has faith in the potential of condos

Condominium Fever

The developers have produced pockets of sophisticated living space in metro. Are the buyers there?

by Deborah Jones

Peter Ryan, a friendly straight-talker with rugged good looks who could pass for a professional football player, is a young entrepreneur intent on introducing contemporary downtown condo living to local yuppies and empty nesters. Ryan does not live in a condominium. He resides in a detached house in a new Halifax subdivision with his wife and children, citing the need for lots of room for growing kids as his reason. But choice of homes aside, Ryan is likely metro's most enthusiastic booster of the no-hassle condominium lifestyle. His ardor is well placed: his company has built many of the new wave of condos in downtown Halifax, and the desks in his Spring Garden Road offices overflow with schemes for more.

Sipping a tall cool Perrier and pointing to a rendering of Ryco Atlantic Ltd.'s project, a combination retail and 150-unit condominium project near the

Halifax waterfront, Ryan says he's been involved in local condominium sales and construction for more than a decade. He retained his faith in their potential despite losing more than \$150,000 on his first project, built with a partner near Bedford's yacht club about ten years ago.

Following that fiasco, Ryan sold for Atlantic Trust for several years before venturing into another development of his own — 44-unit Oxford Court — with about 20 private investors. That project "was like jumping on a snowball going down a hill, that just kept going and going," he reflects, estimating that Ryco, since its incorporation in 1982, has built \$24 million worth of condominiums in the city, including most recently Carriage Lane on the South End Oland's Castle property.

A condominium is a jointly-owned complex of housing units, with designated common facilities as well as

individual homes. Under the provincial Condominiums Property Act, the condo has to be registered and is administered by an elected board of directors of owners. Common property, ranging from building exteriors to lawns and tennis courts, docks and swimming pools, is managed by the board and financed out of condo fees paid by each occupant. Residents are responsible for their own interiors.

Depending on price-range, location and style, say Ryan and other condo developers, downtown condos appeal to: established, semi-retired peninsula residents who want to sell large older homes but remain in the area; upscale "young executives or young professionals with families"; and, for the lower-priced units, young professionals starting out or white collar workers who don't want to mow lawns.

Ryco is not metro's first new condo builder by a long shot. Clayton Realty

Ltd., which built or managed about 500 mainly town house condos in the Clayton Park subdivision through the 1970s, claims that title. Nor is Ryco the only company specializing in downtown condos with choice central locations — other well-publicized projects include United Equities' Summer Gardens on Spring Garden Road, Admiralty Place in Dartmouth and the financially-troubled Jubilee on the Northwest Arm. Extensions to Quinpool Court and a residential condo phase of the Brewery complex are also in the works.

But Ryco, which espouses the sophisticated condo lifestyle that's caught on in other cities, is perhaps the best example of the new breed of developers who have hooked onto condos as a way to break into local development. There's a lot of them right now, selling condos priced anywhere between about \$70,000 and \$500,000 and mostly from \$140,000 to \$220,000. Judging by the slow sales in some projects, most notably the high-priced Jubilee and the spanking new Admiralty Place and Carriage Lane projects, some are finding the market as soft as a chocolate parfait.

An adolescent in North America's continental love affair with condos, metro seems to be in one big hurry to catch up with the trend in other cities. Of all types of new homes under construction locally, apartment condominiums are the most prolific, according to a Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation official. "There are a little over 2,000 condo units in marketing, planning or building through 1985-86 — an unprecedented burst of activity," says Wilson Fitt, who predicts that unsold condos will soon spill over into the rental market. "It comes to 25 per cent of new housing starts."

"There is a proliferation in condominiums," notes Richard Miller of Clayton Developments, who is also an officer of the Housing and Urban Development Association of Canada. "The marketplace seems to have more than an abundance of supply in Halifax and Dartmouth. And they are still building them."

Many in the real estate business attribute the condo activity to a situation which on the surface seems unrelated: rent controls instituted by Ottawa in the mid 70s and continued by the provincial government. Despite apartment vacancy rates of less than one per cent in central metro and a desperate need for low to middle-range priced units, interest in apartment construction is lukewarm.

"Rent controls are one of the major reasons . . . that much of the construction industry has left the rental market," says Patrick Simms, executive director

of the Investment Property Owners Association. "The plain fact of life is that construction people can make more money by making condominiums than they can by making apartment buildings. Rent controls restrict investors' long term capabilities of getting a good return." Others add that building condos and renting them for three years is one way to get around rent controls.

Slightly bemused by the rush to build condos, quick to point to the ones in difficulty and in the cases of the successful projects perhaps a wee bit jealous, established industry spokesmen point to the foibles of condo fever. Condominiums were an invention of the Romans who designed them to pack slaves in a minimum of space, claims one businessman.

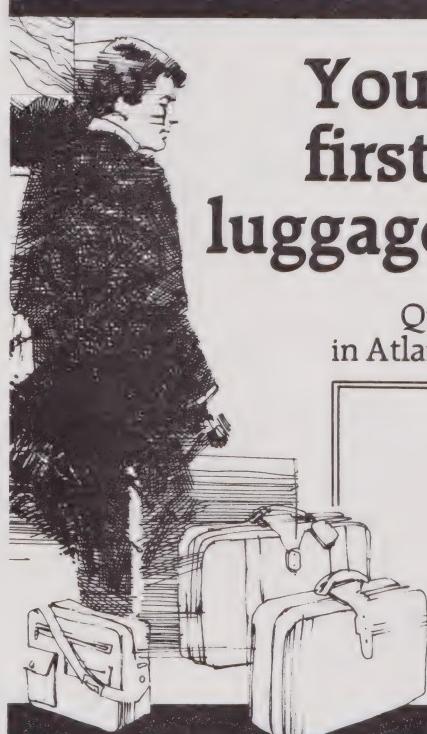
Simms, whose organization represents rental property owners, notes that condos "are not a quick fire method of making money" for small investors, many of whom have bought one or two established condo units to rent out. The initial cost, condo fees and taxes bring the buyer "pretty close to the break even point . . . it takes years before your investment bears fruit."

But for the homeowner who knows what he or she wants and sets out to buy a condo, it can be a good deal. Ralph Morgan, a retired engineer, is president of the board of directors of Convoy

Estates, a 132-unit North End condo. "I bought my apartment 10 years ago for \$37,000, and I believe I could sell it now for \$110,000." He says the condo concept originally appealed to him "because I could buy for less than a house and I would live on the peninsula . . . I liked the idea, I thought it was a thing of the future. The big thing about condos is that you have gardeners and people who remove the snow for you. You're not obliged to do any manual work."

Morgan notes expensive structural problems with Convoy Estates several years ago required careful planning and financing to overcome, but "we're fortunate in that we've had quite a few accountants, bankers, engineers, lawyers and so on here. We've always had a very competent board who served for nothing." But he adds that condo living requires a great deal of cooperation among owners and a solid set of ground rules. "People who were their own bosses have to learn community involvement and they've got to play by the rules."

A Halifax lawyer who handles mostly real estate business says consumers have experienced few problems with buying condos in metro. But, he adds, like any other type of purchase, the Latin adage "caveat emptor," or let the buyer beware, applies. □



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NIGHTLIFE

A Greek empire comes downtown

Meet Terris Panagiotakos and his brothers, creators of the city's best-known entertainment spots

by Francis Moran

The lunchtime crowd at the new pub in the old Zellers Building is lining up at the buffet counter. Most seats are already filled. Open only a few months, Secretary's is already a very popular place.

A couple enter, view the crowds and turn back towards the door to find a less crowded venue for their lunch. But before they can leave they're stopped by a tallish man with dark curly hair. Quietly and politely, he turns the couple back from the door, leads them to a pair of empty stools at the bar, takes their order and brings them their food and drinks.

The man is 42-year old Terris Panagiotakos, and he performs this personal service to keep customers in dozens of times during lunch. It's hands-on management—and it has made him and two of his brothers the rulers of Halifax's largest and most prominent entertainment empire. Their holdings, collected under the company name Marathon Grill Ltd., take in the city's two largest nightclubs, a pub and other establishments plus large chunks of prime real estate, including the City Club building on Barrington Street and a strategic corner lot on Spring Garden Road.

Tucked in a corner of Secretary's as another hectic lunch hour approaches, Panagiotakos agrees that he and his brothers, Andy, 38, and Peter, 45, have come a long way from the Greek seaport of Gytheion where they grew up. Emigrating to Halifax in 1961 "because we already had relatives here," the three paid \$10,000 for the old Ardmore Tea Room on Gottingen Street and opened their first establishment there, the Marathon Grill.

"That started as a small lunch

counter," Panagiotakos recalls. It had seating for only about two dozen customers at a time, but when they left Gottingen Street the establishment had grown to a complex for more than 1,000 people.

At the time, the decision to take a small grill in a declining neighborhood and turn it into a huge cabaret on the same site might have seemed a trifle foolhardy. But it worked. The Misty Moon rose over Gottingen Street in 1974 and quickly became a showcase for top-notch Canadian and international talent as well as a solid proving ground for local acts. In the early days, the brothers would let hot new groups play the Misty Moon for the door receipts only. It was a simple philosophy, says Terris. "When you work and sweat, you're looking for some kind of reward. In this case, it was up to the bands — the more they sweated, the more they made." It was a deal that several local musicians, such as Cape Breton rock and rollers Matt Minglewood and Sam Moon, credit for giving them their first good exposure.

But as the reputation of the Misty Moon kept going up, the reputation of the street it was on kept going down and the brothers started looking for a classier neighborhood. A natural seemed to be the corner of Spring Garden Road and Queen Street, a lot which the brothers had shrewdly snapped up earlier. But the merchants of Halifax's pre-eminent shopping area frowned on the idea of a rock and roll cabaret beside them and the move was blocked.

Finally, in 1980, an empty warehouse in the north end became the home for the Misty Moon, the New Moon, as it was quickly dubbed. With acts like Rough Trade, Doug and the Slugs and others, the massive warehouse thrived.

In 1981 the family business expanded when the brothers bought the troubled Palace Cabaret. The glitzy nightclub, modelled after posh Las Vegas rooms, had a bumpy history, finally ending up in the hands of Dartmouth businessman

Donald Valardo. He sold it to the three brothers and Marathon Grill Ltd. was downtown at last.

But the Misty Moon was still the flagship and a downtown location for that was still being pursued when Zellers announced it was closing its ancient store on the corner of Barrington and Sackville streets. The Panagiotakos brothers bought the old building and applied for a license to move the Misty Moon there.

The same opposition arose anew: merchants and other businesses worried about having a late-night drinking establishment so close. They told the Nova Scotia Liquor Licensing Board that they were afraid of potential damage to local businesses caused by rowdy drunks. But the brothers had established a solid reputation with the board over the years and they won approval. Last summer, the Misty Moon was again relocated, this time in a superb spot. Secretary's, a traditional pub featuring good, cheap food and occasional live entertainment, was added in the basement of the Zellers building.

"The opening of the Misty Moon downtown has proven the opposition to be wrong," Terris Panagiotakos says. "Hopefully, this will disarm any future opposition if we decide to expand more."

Expansion is in fact in the works for Panagiotakos, who says that "when a person stops wanting to do more, you might as well open the grave for him." There are plans for developing the City Club property but Panagiotakos says the brothers are uncertain whether to open some sort of eatery there themselves or rent it out. Their warehouse on Kempt Road, the old New Moon, is now a labor temple that houses a dozen or more unions. And there's still that prime chunk of Spring Garden Road.

Panagiotakos was reluctant to be interviewed and adamant about not having his picture taken. But neither he nor his brothers have ever been shy about pursuing their business plans. "One thing I don't do is stand still," he says. ☑

NEPTUNE THEATRE

PRESENTS



CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD

By Mark Medoff

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TICKETS NOW ON SALE

First impressions of an English chef

by Deborah Draper

Today in North American dining, first impressions are number one," says chef Mark Rimmington of Le Rendez Vous Café in Dartmouth. To create such impressions, he says, presentation, flavor, and catering to the customer are essential. "I want those dining in our restaurant to feel they've had a high quality experience."

Presentation is important to Rimmington. "A terribly presented meal turns you off psychologically even if it does taste good," he says. "I like my art. If I can't feel good about what I'm serving, I'm not happy. It has to be at its best and the waitresses have to be proud to serve it."

Rimmington, 27, a native of Leicester, England has been a chef in Canada for 11 years, but began cooking at the age of eight under the watchful eye of his mother, a caterer. He says that cooking appeals to the creative side of his nature. He enjoys experimenting with garnishes, producing zucchini flower pots that sprout daisies carved from turnips. Or he presents chocolate cheesecake alongside waves of chocolate under whipped cream boats with mint leaf sails.

This creative bent carries to every aspect of his cooking. "It must start," he says, "with fresh herbs whenever possible." The aroma of dill and bayleaf are common kitchen scents. He believes that herbs should be used not to overpower but to enhance and bring out the natural flavor of foods. "If there's not much flavor in a food then I like to improve it. Such as a boiled potato. I cook it with just a touch of salt, adding bay leaf and onion to the water." The result is a fresher, cooler taste to this otherwise ordinary item.

Constantly experimenting in the kitchen, Rimmington always searches for new meals such as ham and Dijon fettucini or leek and potato soup. "I like developing new twists to food experiences, adding ham and Dijon mustard to fettucini is a break from the traditional fettucini noodles."

Not as familiar to Canadians, leeks are a very European food and in France are known as 'the asparagus of the poor.'

They look much like a giant spring onion but have their own unique, mild flavor. Rimmington adds that leeks are expensive and often hard to find in the winter months, but they're worth trying. He says he can usually buy them through Willet's Cash and Carry in Halifax and seasonally at the Farmers Market.

Whenever he can, Rimmington experiments at home. "My apartment is well stocked with cooking equipment. So I spend my spare time creating new dishes and trying them out on some of my friends who invite me into their homes to cook for them."

Rimmington is also in the process of writing a Canadian cookbook. "I hope to have the book finished in about two years. It will be aimed at the European market — to show what cooking is like over here. Back home you don't hear much about Canadian cooking, but here we get bombarded with European cooking. My father is an educational publisher in England, so I hope to publish it through him."



Rimmington: a creative bent

Rimmington establishes his menus himself and keeps them simple but versatile. Despite the connotation of the name, "Le Rendez Vous", Rimmington says it's not a French restaurant. "We offer a variety of dishes — from Italian, French and Canadian to traditionally English. The atmosphere is French in the sense that it is small, quiet and intimate.

And I'm not a temperamental chef." In fact, Mark Rimmington is a rather low-key individual — a man of few words who at the young age of 27 is well established in his career.

Ham and Dijon Fettucini

6 oz. cooked fettucini noodles
3 oz. whipping cream (unwhipped)
1 tbsp. Dijon mustard
1 tbsp. parmesan cheese
1 tbsp. chopped chives
2 oz. chopped ham
salt & pepper to season

Blend whipping cream and mustard over medium heat. Add ham, cheese, and chives and mix together. Let simmer but not boil. Add cooked noodles. Fold together gently. Season with salt and pepper.

Garnish with parmesan cheese and fresh parsley. Serves 1.

Chocolate Strawberry Cheesecake

Base
2 cups chocolate graham wafer crumbs
1/3 cup melted butter
1/3 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Mix together and form in 9" spring-form pan.

Filling
5 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 tbs. flour
2 ozs. soft cream cheese
1 cup sour cream
1 cup strawberries

Blend all ingredients together in food processor and pour over base. Bake for 1 hour at 350 F. then leave in oven for 1 hour with oven off. Take out and cool.

Topping
1 egg
4 oz. semi-sweet chocolate

Melt chocolate over double boiler. Quickly whip egg into melted chocolate. Spread over cooled cheesecake and refrigerate. Garnish with fresh strawberries and whipped cream.

To create chocolate waves, drop a teaspoon of any chocolate syrup on a plate. Take a knife and drag it through the chocolate, swirling it in a counter-clockwise fashion. On the top of each wave, drop a dollop of whipped cream and add a mint leaf for a sail. ☐



PAUL CHISLETT

Margaret Holgate is a consumer economist and free-lance writer-broadcaster

by Margaret Holgate

In July, 1983, the Nova Scotia Branch of the Consumers' Association of Canada established the Consumer Education Centre in Halifax, with the help of funds from the federal department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs. The centre is run primarily by volunteers who developed a specialized consumer information library with a detailed index of consumer products and issues. It was a rather unique experiment. By delivering information by phone, quickly and at no charge, the association wanted to see if it could encourage more consumers to forego the consumer lottery approach to buying products and services, in favor of more informed decision making.

Sharon Freeman, the centre's co-ordinator, was encouraged to find that, while the staff handled many complaints

The death of a consumer's friend

the bulk of the callers requested pre-purchase information. A toll-free line extended service to callers in rural areas of the province who were far from public libraries and government offices. Out-of-town calls accounted for as much as 25 per cent of the centre's business until the link was withdrawn in November, 1984.

The usefulness of this service is emphasized by the number of patrons whose inquiries had not been satisfied by various government departments or the Better Business Bureau.

Cathy MacNutt, deputy minister of Consumer Affairs for the province, acknowledges that the relationship between her department and the centre is a complementary one. "Our people are often too busy with complaints and matters relating to legislation to offer as much help as we would like in the way of product information or comparison shopping. It's useful to be able to refer requests to an organization that sees consumer education as one of its responsibilities," she says.

Unfortunately, the Consumer Education Centre, along with other consumer projects across the country funded by Consumer and Corporate Affairs, has had its financial support withdrawn and must close its doors at the end of December.

It should come as no surprise. The attitude of government has always been that consumer programs are a luxury. All it needs is a hint of a recession and consumer affairs are among the first to be cut back. This time though, there is increased cause for concern. Alarm bells should sound when a satisfactory answer cannot be found to the simple question: who is left to look after the consumer's interest?

We have come to rely on government enforcement of an intricate network of standards, regulations and inspections to reduce the risk involved in our dealings with the marketplace. But over the last few years it has become ob-

vious that such confidence is misplaced.

Consumer groups have always complained that government subjugates their interest to those of business. At no time was this more evident than in September, when it was revealed that a million cans of tainted tuna fish, previously judged unfit for human consumption by government inspectors, had been released to market earlier in the year. In overturning the decision of his own inspectors, former federal fisheries minister John Fraser blatantly ignored his responsibility to the Canadian consumer in favor of the producer's and his own political interests.

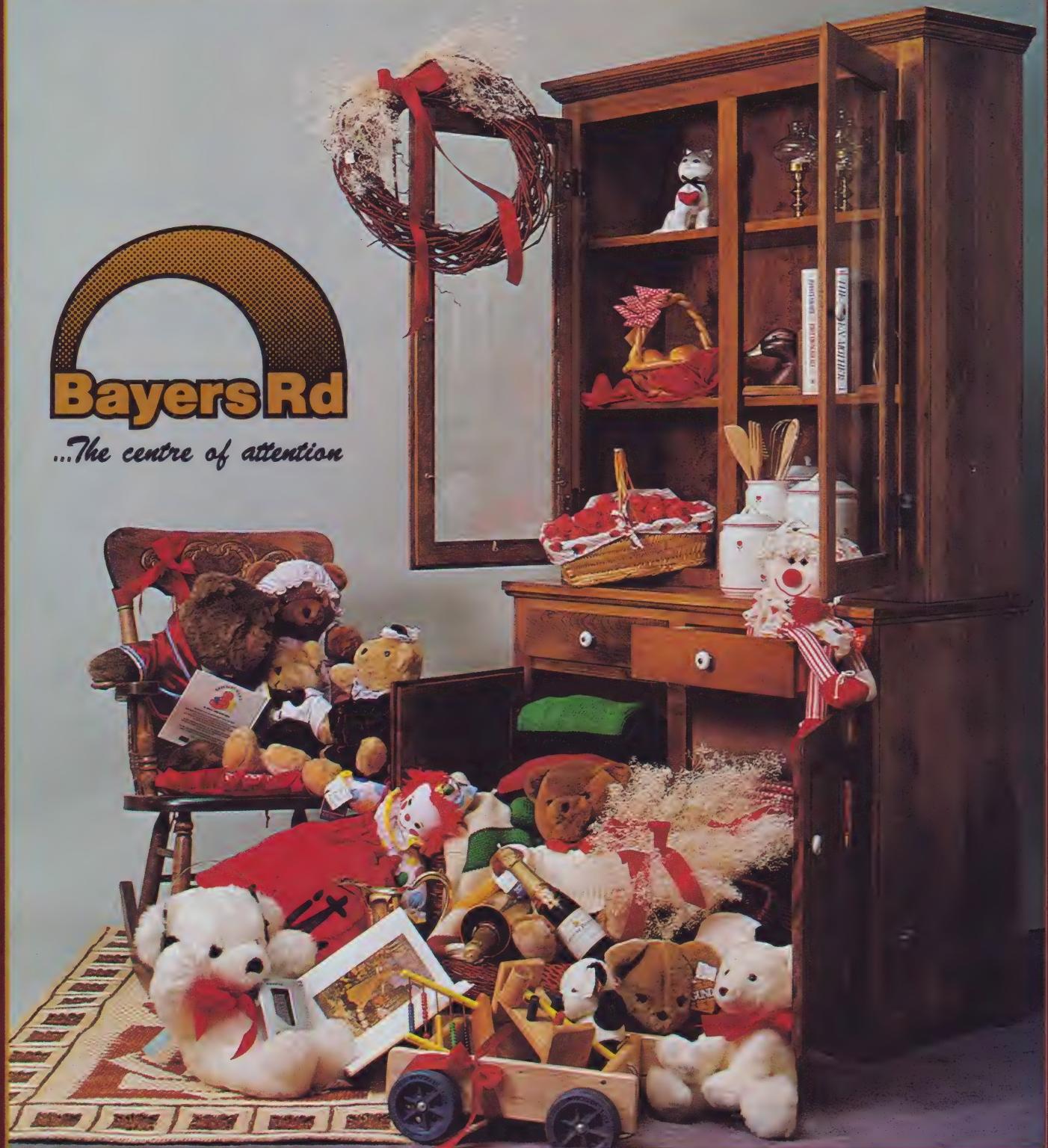
The federal government has responded to complaints of conflict of interest in its handling of consumer affairs over the past few years by increasing grants and contributions to non-profit consumer groups to represent their own interests. By significantly reducing support to these groups, and in some cases removing it entirely, the government is now decimating the only remaining groups which act unequivocally as consumer watchdogs.

The loss of the Consumer Education Centre heralds the resurgence of that old rule of the marketplace: "caveat emptor." The rancid tuna offered poor value for money, and offended the sensibilities of those who purchased it. But, it is argued, it posed no threat to human life. Perhaps this is as clear an indication of the trend in consumer policy as we can expect: "if it doesn't kill you, or kills so slowly you hardly notice it, there is no cause for complaint." Problems directly related to consumer legislation, once they have already occurred will likely receive attention, but for those initial decisions to purchase you are very much on your own.

With the festive season fast approaching may I suggest that ouija boards or dice be added to your list of stocking stuffers? They may soon offer as effective a method as any other for making consumer decisions. ☐

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Tuna: the view from Bayside

The Star-Kist plant was a cauldron of conflict for over a year – a rich breeding ground for the rancid tuna controversy that ensued

by Dick Wilbur

It was a great place to work," says one employee of Canada's most controversial fish plant. "The pay was terrific. I was there two and a half years."

"The working conditions were terrible," says another. "All that emphasis on production. Nothing else mattered."

"We always had hassles with government inspectors," says yet another. "The pressure was unreal. They'd reject good fish and poor stuff would get through. There must be an inspection appeal board, the way we used to have it in B.C."

The subject of these testimonials is Star-Kist — a name that has reverberated through New Brunswick and Canada for weeks amid much emotional politics. Federal fisheries minister John Fraser resigned after putting a million cans of Star-Kist tuna on the market that his inspectors said were rancid, and the Bayside, N.B. plant's future was left in uncertainty.

Overlooking the St. Croix estuary and the State of Maine beyond, the Star-Kist Canada Inc. plant is an institution in Charlotte County and, with the 400 jobs it supports, one of the area's main economic pillars. It has been so since 1966 when the Lantic Sugar company, aided by hefty government grants, established what was first called the Ocean Maid plant at Bayside, about 15 km upriver from St. Andrews. In the earlier years, the tuna came mostly from Latin America, but more recently it came from as far away as the Indian Ocean. Some of it could have been stored in a Brazilian cold storage plant for weeks, perhaps months. Or it could have been freshly caught and placed aboard a small refrigerated or "reefer" ship. In the worst scenario, the tuna might have been sitting for several hours on the hot deck of a seiner somewhere off India before being frozen and sent into storage.

Whatever the origin, the fish are handled first in New Brunswick by stevedores at the Bayside Stevedoring Company. As soon as the hatch is opened, they know what to expect. If the reefer is Japanese, the tuna usually are neatly packed like cordwood, making it an easy task to heave them into tote boxes — large aluminum containers that hold a ton of fish. At other times the fish arrive in a solid frozen mass and can only be separated with crowbars. No matter their condition, or the time of year, they are trucked up the steep hill to the plant's cold-storage building, where they remain for hours, or days or weeks, depending on the inventory.

Once on the move, the entire tote box is flooded with water to thaw the fish, a

procedure that usually takes overnight, but it depends on the size of the fish. With skipjack, the most common of the processed tuna, it takes about four hours; with yellow-tail, which go as high as 150 lbs., it can take much longer. Once thawed, the tuna are placed in baskets according to their size and precooked at low pressure in huge vats. They are then taken out and placed on portable racks for air-cooling until they reach room temperature.

Now it's the turn of the women, who represent the labor-intensive element at Star-Kist, as at most fish plants. They range in age from young school girls working on weekends to middle-aged wives of weir fishermen and wood-cutters. They have the most tedious and most physically-demanding job. First they remove the skin and, with any luck, the tuna splits into four loins, making it easier to take out the backbone. Swiftly they cut away the meat close to the bone which has too strong a flavor for most North Americans, although cats love it. Diced chunks of the good meat are swept on to a moving belt and taken to a filleting machine. Then comes the canning, using a steam-flow vacuum system. Each can is sterilized to remove any bacteria and after being cooled and dried, each is labelled and boxed for transfer to the warehouse. Since canned fish is not regarded as a perishable item, the length of time in the warehouse can be weeks or even months. Some 750,000 cans a week would be shipped from the plant in better times.

When does all this stuff get inspected? That's what the CBC, whose *Fifth Estate* broke the story, might call the million can question. At the Star-Kist plant, spot tests are carried out by company employees and Department of Fisheries and Oceans officials either at the plant or at the inspection centre at Black's Harbour, about half an hour's drive away.

All last winter, rumors buzzed around St. Stephen and St. Andrews about high rejection rates amid reports of warehouses bulging with unsold cans of tuna. In the old days, before the H.J. Heinz Company bought the plant, inspection hassles were rare. A certain rapport had been established between plant supervisors and the DFO inspection staff. Whether it was too cozy a situation depends on who you talk to but the product won consumer acceptance. Norm Bender, a production manager at the plant for 20 years until a bad heart forced him to retire last winter, puts it this way: "We liked this former inspector who was on the job a long while. If he said clean

this up, we did, immediately."

Somewhere between the changes of plant managers — there've been three in the last four years — and shifts in DFO's inspection personnel, rapport got lost.

Over the past several years, Star-Kist managers found more and more of their tuna being rejected by federal inspectors, who objected to the texture, smell and taste of the canned product — at times nixing as much as 80 per cent of it. Star-Kist officials complained bitterly to DFO's quality control division that inspectors were overzealous and poorly trained. The issue came to the crunch in the spring when H.J. Heinz started talking about closing the plant because of the inspection problem. In March, Premier Hatfield telexed Fraser, complaining of "unnecessary harassment" by federal inspectors. He stated that H.J. Heinz had decided to close down the plant, but that this decision could be reversed if DFO changed its inspection procedures. DFO was even told by the New Brunswick government that Star-Kist was prepared to hire an extra 100 workers if the problem could be solved quickly. Ultimately, Fraser ordered the release of a million cans of tuna that had been condemned, and the rest is history.

A complicating factor was the worker-boss relationship. It was not great, and unionization added to the antagonism. Albert Cropley, the present manager, arrived in 1984 from the Star-Kist plant in Puerto Rico and quickly established a no-nonsense style. Faced with constant pressure from headquarters in Pittsburgh and steadily-mounting inventories, Cropley reduced the work week to 35 hours for the hourly-paid workers.

When he hired students to work a 40-hour work week on a Canada Works program in early June, about half the 400 workers staged a wildcat strike which was marked by a confrontation with 30 riot-helmeted RCMP officers when they tried to prevent other workers from crossing the picket line. Four were arrested. There was another walkout when Cropley fired several marked as instigators of the first walkout. This second walkout produced several acts of violence. The owner of the private bus used to transport workers had his vehicle riddled with bullets and his prize guard dog shot. Some who crossed the picket line got threatening phone calls.

The feeling locally is that it's highly likely that word of Star-Kist's problems got out to the media as a result of this situation — probably word from a disgruntled worker.

Despite the labor-management and inter-worker bitterness, there has been a common concern about the future of the plant and some anger at the proportions the controversy has taken. "It's all politics," is a common refrain in Charlotte County. The feeling is that Star-Kist got boiled in a unique brand of New Brunswick political chowder.



M. SAUNDERS/MILLER SERVICES

by Chris Morris

Add up all the scandal, the arrogance, the high living and the sometimes questionable government and, by any standard, Richard Hatfield is as unlikely a person as there is to be a long-reigning premier of New Brunswick.

The paradoxes abound. In a province filled with lumberjacks and pick-up trucks, a politician who's been called a faded pansy to his face in the legislature should have lasted no time at all. In a province where 47,000 people are out of work and economic prospects are dismal, a premier known far and wide as Disco Dick because he likes to kick up his heels in classy New York hot spots would normally have been booted out long ago. In a province where churchgoing and family sanctity are deeply ingrained in the way of life, a man who has faced charges of drug possession and has been linked with dope parties involving university students should be gone forthwith.

Yet there he is — Premier Richard Hatfield, the red fox of Canadian politics. He has been at the helm of New Brunswick's Progressive Conservative government for the past 15 years. He's the longest-serving premier in Canada today and the longest serving premier in New Brunswick history.

What's the magic? No magic, says Murray Young, historian at the University of New Brunswick. "One of the characteristics of New Brunswick is that our media are so underdeveloped." New Brunswickers, he suggests, never see their

Hatfield's inferno: the scandals catch up

Is it the end for the wily Richard Hatfield, Canada's longest-reigning premier? He's been down before, but can he overcome this one?

premier or their politics as closely as they do even in the other Atlantic Provinces. If they did, he feels, Hatfield would not have lasted as long as he has.

Young adds that in terms of both its media and its society, "there's a tremendous amount of regionalism in New Brunswick." There's the French-English aspect, plus the fact that no city truly dominates the province as Halifax does Nova Scotia or St. John's does Newfoundland. Hatfield, he says, understands the political process underlying this regionalism "like no politician since Andrew Blair." Blair was Liberal premier from 1882 to 1896, after which he went on to become a power in federal politics. He's the man Hatfield recently replaced as longest-serving New Brunswick premier and also, says Young, "the man he's modelled himself after, insofar as he's modelled himself after anybody."

Whatever the formula for his longevity, the question afoot is whether it has worn out. At 54, Hatfield has weathered political scandals that, in all likelihood, would have obliterated lesser politicians. He all but decimated the Liberal party in New Brunswick and sent four Opposition leaders into oblivion. And although the tide of public opinion now may have turned against him, it's far from clear whether his political career is over or whether he's on the road to another remarkable turnaround.

Hatfield's last 12 months in office would give any politician nightmares. He

has stumbled from one public relations disaster to another: from the drug controversies, to a fall from a golf cart that fractured his ribs and wrist, to disenchantment in the party over his leadership, to the controversy over the substandard tuna from the St. Andrews Star-Kist plant that he helped put on the market. He's also become something of a leper as far as his political friends in Ottawa are concerned — ever since Elmer MacKay got booted out of the federal solicitor-general's job just a few months after meeting with Hatfield during the marijuana investigation, and after John Fraser quit the fisheries portfolio because of the tuna stink.

The rebellion against his leadership has been formalized with the creation of Leadership Initiative '85, a committee of disgruntled party members which claims supporters from at least 30 of the province's 58 Tory riding associations. Eric Bungay, the good-humored, retired Moncton businessman who chairs the dump Hatfield committee, doesn't pull any punches when talking about the premier, whom he still affectionately calls Richard. Bungay has been a loyal party worker for many years, but he figures the Tories don't have a hope of re-election with Hatfield in charge. "A lot of people are just plain worried," he says. "They don't know what's going on and they don't want to see the party go down the tube."

There have been repeated calls for his resignation from members of his caucus, the party, newspaper editorial writers and opposition politicians. George Little, an English teacher and leader of the provincial NDP, borrows Oliver Cromwell's challenge to a discredited government: "You have sat here too long for any good you have been doing. Depart, I say and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go."

L'Acadie Nouvelle, the province's only French-language newspaper, says that according to a secret Tory poll Conservatives would have been clobbered had there been a late summer election, capturing only 13 of the province's 58 seats. The party executive denied such a poll existed, but the story did nothing to relieve the Tory blues. "We'd be lucky to get 13," sighed backbencher David Clark when he heard the figures.

Strangely, about the only person smiling in the Tory party as it headed for its November convention was the enigmatic Hatfield himself, and no one could figure out why. His weight, which fluctuates in accordance with his political moods (he's slim and trim for elections, fat for crises), is back on and he's smoking more. He's been gradually working his way back into the luncheon-address circuit but is still skittish when reporters approach.

However, cornered one evening after a supper address to businessmen, Hatfield affably admitted he likes challenges. He said he was even looking forward to the party's annual meeting in Saint John this month, a gathering many were predicting could end in a bloodbath if Bungay's peo-

ple got their way and forced a vote on a leadership convention.

Hatfield, seemingly impervious to the fuss, views all the commotion about his leadership as a few irritating ripples on the far-reaching sea of his political vision. He says in politics you have to keep your sights firmly set on the future and not get bogged down in the present or the past. "I understand that, depending on the issue, people do tend to look at the short term," he says, referring to Bungay's group. "But if they live by the short term, they will fail by the short term and lose the advantage of planning and of thinking ahead and of being a real leader ... politicians are in the game of trying to think about the future, and the successful ones do, and they don't overreact to the short term."

Not everyone shares the view that Hatfield's days are, or should be, numbered. He has done more than any other premier to put French and English on an equal footing in New Brunswick

What would be in for Hatfield if he left without a fight? He doesn't like the Senate; he doesn't even like Ottawa. In fact, he says there's nothing that could ever top being premier of New Brunswick — it's his life. "There have been many times that I have wrestled with what I would like to do if it all came to an end," he muses. "The fact of the matter is that there is nothing comparable to being in politics and being a leader in politics. There's no other occupation or vocation or endeavor that has the same kind of unlimited dimension to it that this activity does. It's never occurred to me to wish I were president of the Royal Bank of Canada or the Canadian Commercial Bank . . . being premier of a province is very, very attractive."

Talk like that sends shivers down the spines of Hatfield's political foes. Bev Harrison, MLA for Saint John Fundy, chairman of the Tory caucus and a tenacious Hatfield opponent, says it's crazy for Hatfield to talk about rosy

tomorrows after the damage he has done to New Brunswick and the party. "We have become the laughing stock outside the province, outside the country, and once you reach that stage, there's no turning back," he fumes.

"You can come out of kickback scandals, and Bricklins and tax increases and even broken election promises — those things come and go. But when something penetrates people's moral sensibilities, the very fabric of their souls, then it's too late — you've gone beyond the pale."

What Harrison thinks has penetrated the delicate sensibilities of New Brunswickers is the sweet, cloying aroma of Hatfield's marijuana case, a controversy that began more than a year ago on Sept. 25, 1984.

It was a hot, sunny day but nothing could wilt the cool composure of Queen Elizabeth as she arrived at the Fredericton airport for a flight to Moncton where a state dinner that night would crown her three-day visit to the province. Hatfield looked as he usually does when royalty is around: absolutely delighted and positively beaming as he hovered near the royal entourage.

But deep in the back rooms of the airport, events were taking place that would wipe the smile off Hatfield's face for months and send his government into the tailspin from which it is still trying to recover. During a routine search of luggage to be boarded on the Queen's plane, RCMP security officers found a small plastic bag containing about an ounce of marijuana in an outside pocket of the premier's suitcase.

The story was broken by the *Fredericton Daily Gleaner* on Oct. 20 and Hatfield confirmed it at a news conference on Oct. 22, denying the marijuana was his.

For weeks, normal political life in New Brunswick was suspended as the news media and the public followed the complicated legal manoeuvring, including a change of judges, that culminated in Hatfield's acquittal on a charge of possession of marijuana at a January trial.

It looked as if Hatfield had once again worked his magic and emerged from a rotten situation smelling sweet. But just a few days after the trial, *Southam News* broke a sensational story quoting two men, later identified as Michael Kyte of Toronto and Peter Daigle of Halifax, who said they and two other male university students had attended a late-night party at Hatfield's Fredericton home in 1981 where the premier offered them marijuana and cocaine. They said that the next morning Hatfield invited three of the students to fly to Montreal with him on the government aircraft.

For 10 days the startling allegations simply sat there in the public arena as the whisper campaign about Hatfield's private life — Does he use drugs? Is he homosexual? — heated up again. Reporters staked out his home and his office, but he steadfastly refused to comment.

COVER STORY

Finally on Feb. 13, Hatfield held a news conference where he denied supplying drugs to the students. He portrayed himself then, and still does today, as the victim of a malicious plot by persons unknown to drive him from office.

He has left the impression that the people responsible may have been someone in the RCMP, or Pat Ryan, a news reporter for the Atlantic Television System. Ryan was the first reporter to get the story after an anonymous woman called the station in Moncton on Sept. 26 and said marijuana had been found in the premier's suitcase the day before.

Hatfield's lawyers suggested during the trial that Ryan's early knowledge of the drug find — it was never revealed during court proceedings that ATV had received an anonymous tip — was reason for suspicion. Judge Andrew Harrigan accepted those suspicions, speculating at one point in his summation that the drug might have been planted to "create the juiciest story ever to crack the media."

Later, Hatfield cast suspicion on the RCMP by publicly stating his fears that one or more members of the force — he says he has no idea who they might be — deliberately leaked information to the news media in an attempt to embarrass him and drive him from office.

Hatfield never fully explained any of the allegations aimed at either Ryan or the RCMP.

The RCMP carried out an internal review of its handling of the Hatfield marijuana case and found there had been loose talk among members of the security force that may have led to the news leak. But Commissioner Robert Simmonds said there was no deliberate attempt to drive Hatfield from office and he has waited patiently, and in vain, for Hatfield to retract that allegation.

For Ryan, the startling charges against him in open court, where he could not defend himself or explain what truly happened, brought him instant notoriety and a constant stomach ache.

"Whenever I read the judgement over again, I get the same feeling I had in court . . . my stomach, my heart and my head continue to hurt because there has been an apparent misuse of the whole system."

In denying personal culpability for just about everything that has gone wrong for him in the past year, Hatfield has cast a wide net of suspicion over other people who feel they have been treated unjustly — Pat Ryan, the RCMP and Elmer MacKay.

Hatfield does admit he's unconventional. While he denied supplying drugs, he admitted having the party in 1981 and said that was just a reflection of his friendly nature. "Those who know me will confirm I am extremely gregarious," he explained.

There's no question Hatfield stands out in the dull world of Canadian politics. He doesn't party with people like fellow Conservative premiers John Buchanan or



MICHAEL JESSUP

New Brunswickers have returned him to power time and time again in seeming acts of faith. But there's a feeling now that Richard Hatfield has gone too far and broken the trust

Jim Lee. Hatfield, always a great patron of the arts, rarely misses an opening. He parties with the likes of Elizabeth Taylor, Stompin' Tom Connors and CBC journalist Mike Duffy.

In the early days of his tenure, the smooth-cheeked, blond, brown-eyed bachelor was a familiar sight in Fredericton bars and nightclubs, and he was always throwing impromptu get-togethers in his small bungalow on the banks of the St. John River.

He once joined with members of the legislature press gallery in sponsoring a male reporter's daring streak through the lobby of the staid old Lord Beaverbrook Hotel in downtown Fredericton. The reporter dashed by astonished hotel guests sporting nothing but one of the premier's ties (a gift from Robert Stanfield no less).

He has had a great time being premier, and once declared to an enthusiastic gathering of young Tories that being in politics is "the most fun you can have with

your clothes on."

He runs up enormous expense accounts, pointing out to exasperated Opposition members that in addition to being premier, he is also minister for intergovernmental affairs, native peoples and the status of women and that as such his expenses are larger. His love of travel, combined with his duties as premier, took him out of New Brunswick for 169 days in 1979, promoting Liberals to say his travel budget of \$47,000 for the year was "the largest meals-on-wheels program in Canada."

The fact that he has never married has long been a subject for idle speculation in New Brunswick bars and living rooms. Hatfield believes it isn't any fun for anyone to be married to a politician. "One thing I recognized very early is that in politics, the applause is always for you, it's not for you and your spouse. That gets through to the spouse — they're kind of secondary."

Despite Hatfield's unconventional image, his uptown lifestyle and brushes with scandal, New Brunswickers have returned him to power time and again in seeming acts of faith. But there is a widespread feeling in the province now that somehow Richard Hatfield has gone too far and broken the trust.

"There's no question the party is going to suffer tremendous losses if Hatfield stays on," says David Beatty, past-president of the Riverview riding association. "The support is there for the party, but it's not there for the leader."

There's nothing in the party's constitution that allows for a review of Hatfield's leadership. There's also nothing in the constitution to prevent Bungay's group from presenting its motion calling for a leadership convention and forcing one if it passed.

For his part, Hatfield maintains that since the people of New Brunswick voted him into office, only the people can vote him out.

But can he survive with his support in the party steadily deteriorating? "I can't see how he can pull out of it this time," says Don Hoyt, political columnist and former Liberal strategist. "He's been around so long and pulled this kind of thing off so many times, people are getting bored with it."

But Gus MacDonald, a reporter and associate editor of Moncton's *Times-Transcript* who has covered New Brunswick politics for the past 29 years, doesn't see Hatfield bowing to the pressure. "Hatfield's pride and ego are such that he's not going to let himself be forced into resignation and then have people like Liberal leader Frank McKenna and various riding association presidents say, 'hey, we got rid of him.' I'm quite sure his feeling is that it's no disgrace for a politician to be defeated by the electorate."

Richard Bennett Hatfield was born and raised under the influence of politics.

The third son of a Hartland, N.B., potato-chip-maker turned federal MP, Hatfield was only seven when he attended his first national political convention and only ten when, in a much re-told incident, he spilled ink on the papers on John Diefenbaker's Parliament Hill desk. After a stint at Dalhousie Law School, a time in the family business, and another stretch as a cabinet minister's assistant in Ottawa, he was ready for his first successful run at provincial politics in 1961 and, within nine years, at the office of party leader and premier, unseating the faltering regime of Louis Robichaud.

He's been in political hot water practically since he came to power, and while the problems are different, his approach has always been the same. He moves slowly, says as little as possible, and puts as much time as he can between the scandal and an election.

It worked for him the mid-1970s. He used the Bricklin, a gullwing sportscar briefly produced in New Brunswick, as a prop in the 1974 election: watched quietly as it went bust (costing the province about \$20 million) in 1975, and still managed to get re-elected in 1978.

In 1977, then Liberal leader Robert Higgins stood up in the legislature and said there was a structured kickback plan in operation whereby contractors and suppliers were supposed to kick back certain percentages of contracts to the government, and that Hatfield knew about it. Higgins' second allegation was that the provincial justice department had intervened in an on-going RCMP investigation of the kickbacks.

As usual, Hatfield waited a few days, the scandal just sort of sitting there, festering and oozing. Then he made a dramatic statement, denying everything and announcing a one-man commission of inquiry into Higgins' second allegation about justice department interference.

After weeks of hearings and scads of evidence, the commission found the charge had not been proven. Higgins resigned and Joe Daigle — the one who called Hatfield a faded pansy — became Liberal leader. Hatfield won the 1978 election by the skin of his teeth: 30 Tories to 28 Liberals.

By the 1982 election, the Bricklin was forgotten and forgiven, the kickback scandal had petered out and, after wooing the Acadian vote, Hatfield stormed back into office with 39 seats, knocking the wind out of the Liberals who managed only 18 seats. The NDP won one.

"He's always put a great deal of dependence on the short memories of the voters," say Hoyt. But the difference this time is that the scandal just won't go away. The province is awash with Richard "Hashfield" jokes; he's had cool receptions at public functions and Tory meetings, and the news media won't let the story die.

At the Canadian premiers' conference in St. John's in August, hordes of reporters descended on the premiers as they arrived to find out what they thought

about free trade, a South African wine boycott and regional development. But when Hatfield walked through the door, the first question was "do you feel responsible for Elmer MacKay's demotion" from solicitor-general to the revenue department.

Hatfield, who had his small grandnephew and one of his friends in tow, looked stunned for a moment then sighed a resigned "welcome to Newfoundland" and marched by. Reporters chased after him, asking rather pathetically if he would say something about free trade, but he snapped "you ask the wrong questions."

Hatfield has been dogged by bad luck in his attempt to repair his shattered

public image by keeping a low profile. Just as people were starting to forget the drug scandals, he fell off a golf cart, of all things, while attending a Council of Maritime Premiers meeting at Brudenell, P.E.I. Over the next couple of weeks, news trickled out that he had broken his wrist and several ribs in the fall and had to be hospitalized for a few days.

The incident prompted a round of "Dopey Dick" jokes. The accident served to reinforce a growing negative image of Hatfield as someone who seems to be stumbling around, not really in charge of himself or the province.

"He's like a cat with nine lives," says James Pickett, a member of the Victoria-Tobique Tory association. "He had no

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comment on the drug allegations. He had no comment on entertaining those young men . . . now he has no comment on the golf cart incident. Somehow, I get the impression the premier is running our province the way he ran that golf cart."

As the tide of opposition to Hatfield started to rise this fall, so did the tuna scandal. The premier, moving to protect about 400 jobs in southwestern New Brunswick, asked John Fraser, then fisheries minister, to intervene in a dispute between fisheries inspectors and the Star-Kist tuna plant near St. Andrews. The province hired the Research and Productivity Council, a Crown corporation that does scientific research for government and industry, to take a second look at tuna from the plant, some of which had been rejected by inspectors who said it was rancid.

The council found most of the tuna acceptable. Fraser acted on the council's findings, although he didn't wait for the total report, and overruled his inspectors. The tuna was put on the market last May and recalled in September after the story of its initial rejection broke. Hatfield maintained he had done nothing wrong and was in no way responsible for Fraser's subsequent resignation. But the affair reinforced the image of Hatfield as an ill-starred politician.

Not everyone shares the view that Hatfield's days are, or should be numbered. He has done more than any other premier to put French and English on an equal footing in his province. In this sense "he has made an enormous change to New Brunswick politics," says historian Murray Young. His efforts to enforce the intent of New Brunswick's Official Languages Act, which he inherited from the Liberal government of Louis Robichaud, have endeared him to the province's 225,000 Acadians, roughly one-third the total population.

In the 1982 provincial election, there was a massive swing in support in the francophone ridings from the Liberals to the Conservatives and Hatfield is deeply grateful for that show of support. "I think the people of New Brunswick and the initiatives taken by the governments of this province have really been the most creative and the most positive in living up to the concept of Canada," he says.

"And yes it is difficult, and it's always going to be difficult, but I believe people here understand that better than they do anywhere else in Canada . . . I think we are the best Canadians in Canada."

Despite his optimism about New Brunswickers' breadth of understanding about the language issue, there are those who feel it has contributed to his decline in popularity in English-speaking New Brunswick. For Saint John backbenchers Harrison, Eric Kipping and Keith Dow, Hatfield's decision in the fall of 1984 to go ahead with controversial public hearings on future directions for bilingualism marked the beginning of their discontent



Hatfield has been dogged by bad luck in his attempt to repair his image by keeping a low profile. Just as people were starting to forget the drug scandals, he fell off a golf cart, of all things, and broke his wrist

with his leadership. Hatfield's desire to give francophones equal presence in the provincial civil service has soured a lot of anglophone New Brunswickers who feel he has virtually shut down one of the province's largest employers to them.

But Condé Grondin, a professor of political science at the University of New Brunswick and a former Liberal party worker, says Hatfield's language initiatives have made him an important person in Acadian New Brunswick.

"I think his image is not so bad as people think," he says. "If you were to draw a line right across this province and take the northern part where the majority of francophones live you will find that Mr. Hatfield is still very popular. Many francophones are concerned that if Mr. Hatfield were to depart today and someone else were to take over, especially an anglophone from the Saint John area, they're very afraid that a lot of the gains they have made will be lost."

Watching the overall spectacle from the wings and barely able to contain his excitement is Frank McKenna, the 37-year-old, good-looking family man who leads the New Brunswick Liberal party. As sure as things are going wrong for the Tories, they seem to be going right for the Liberals. In September, Peter Trites, one of two NDP members in the legislature, jumped the fence to the Liberals — a feather in McKenna's cap and a serious blow to the struggling New Democrats.

McKenna feels his party is the closest it has been in years to becoming the government, but he's careful not to underestimate the wily Hatfield. "He's an experienced politician and he's been very successful in the past," McKenna acknowledges. "But he's laboring under a major image impediment at the moment."

As the Conservative party's paroxysms increase, New Brunswick is divided into two camps. One group feels Hatfield will bow to pressure and resign. That pressure could manifest itself soon if a majority of party members send a clear message to Hatfield that he is a liability. "This line that the people put him in power and only the people can take him out is not accurate," says Harrison. "The people didn't put him there per se, they elect a number of Tory MLAs who formed a government. The party put him there as its leader and it's the party that will have to remove him if he doesn't go on his own."

It's by no means certain the premier could retain his own seat in Carleton County. His margins of victory have never been great and in the last election, he won by fewer than 300 votes. With the aura of scandal hanging over him in what is considered a Bible-belt riding, that margin looks very precarious.

Then there is the other faction that feels he's getting set to fight it out. Hatfield has put the finishing touches to a government reform program that will produce a leaner, cleaner and cheaper public service. Hand in hand with that went a reduction in the size of the civil service, the cabinet and a more efficient realignment of departmental functions. Those who think he will stay and fight say this could be one of his main weapons, using the housecleaning to refurbish his image as a hard-working administrator, single-mindedly devoted to better government for the province.

All of that, the theory goes, will be part of an image overhaul that will show Richard Hatfield as the reconstructed leader with his hand firmly on the political helm.

"Let's face it, he's a masterful politician and a politician who has survived more than 15 years in office and that's to his credit," says Grondin. "He's also an interesting character and what else could you want? Who wants a dull person here as premier?"



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SMALL TOWNS



by John Cunningham

Think of the towns along Nova Scotia's south shore and the word "quaint" springs to mind. Chester is quaint. So are Mahone Bay and Lunenburg. Even Liverpool, despite its big paper mill, retains a certain quaintness. But not Bridgewater — at least not by south shore standards.

Rather, Bridgewater is bustling, the up-to-date centre of south shore industrial and commercial life. In less than two decades its population has nearly doubled to 7,400, thanks mainly to Michelin's decision to locate its huge tire-making plant in the town. Its main-drag business district remains vibrant, even with the competition of three shopping malls and its municipal services are at least the equal of any similar-sized community in the region.

Bob Mossman, the editor of the 98-year-old Bridgewater *Bulletin*, has his roots in Lunenburg County but was reared in Halifax. He says, "We're not a laid-back sleepy town. I don't think I'd feel different working in Halifax."

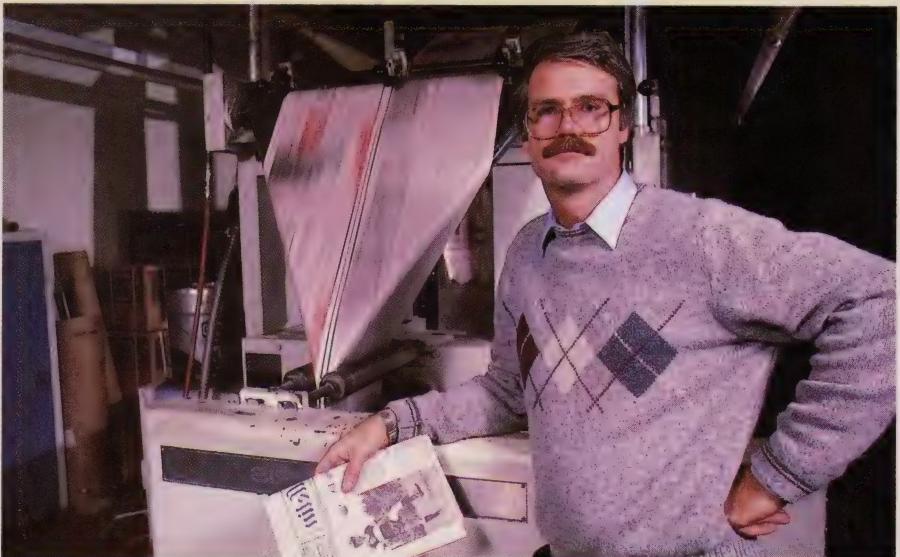
Mossman notes there was concern when Michelin came to town in the early 1970s. There was fear that the town's fine blend of work and play would be lost under the influence of such a large industry. Many thought that all the farm kids who were expected to take over the family operation would leave the land and go to work for Michelin.

Instead, says Mossman, "A lot of kids have gone to work for Michelin but they've kept the farm. They grow a few vegetables, and use the farm largely for recreational purposes. The main thing is the farms are still in the family." He adds, "I think they're over the shock of Michelin. It was a big shock and it turned out not to be a bad shock."

Retired lawyer and former mayor George Crouse isn't so sure the changes have been good for Bridgewater. "Now it's getting too many people. That ruins

a place." He points to the town's former tree-lined main street which was despoiled by the development of a large parking lot on the LaHave River side of the street. Many impressive old trees fell and much money was spent to accommodate the lot which, Crouse says, provided only 20 more parking spaces than the previous system of angle parking.

As far as the sprawling Michelin plant itself is concerned, he has a reservation. "I don't think it would go if they didn't put public money into it." Still and all,



Newspaper editor Mossman: "not a laid-back sleepy town"

Bridgewater, N.S.

Unlike most other towns of Nova Scotia's south shore, Bridgewater could hardly be called quaint. It's a town of commerce — one dominated, for better or worse, by the giant Michelin Tire plant



Crouse, who traces his roots in the area back to the 1750s German settlement at Lunenburg, acknowledges that Bridgewater has been "an ideal place to live."

On that score he won't get many arguments. Some of the old ways may have gone but the town's character remains firmly rooted in the south shore traditions of civic pride, family, the work ethic and folksiness.

Bridgewater is a place of neat, practical homes along tree-lined streets. Nestled

in on both sides of the LaHave River, with its sprinkling of stately homes built with old lumbering money, the town has stayed "progressive" with its manufacturing base and general small town commerce.

Commerce has been woven into the fabric of the town since the beginnings of the 19th century. That's when shoemaker Ralph Hotchkiss built the first recorded house in the town proper on an acre of land he paid for with his own handcrafted boots and shoes. Pre-

Michelin, many large industries made Bridgewater their home, including E.D. Davidson and Sons who brought in a massive lumbering business in 1865 and the Acadia Gas Company which became the largest Canadian manufacturer of two-cycle engines between 1916 and 1922.

Even with the big industries, Bridgewater has never had a significant boom and bust cycle. Local commerce has tided the town over between major manufacturing ventures. This is reflected in the town's housing stock. Appraiser Merrill Harding notes that "there hasn't been a building boom and a long period of lull. There's always been some construction in Bridgewater."

Standing by the curb waiting for the local firemen's band to pass by, a man from Chester Basin spoke ebulliently about Bridgewater. "This will be good," he said as the smart, uniformed marching band strutted into view. "They really know how to do things here." Mayor Harry Cook says that "people who live outside the community look upon it as their town." Whether or not that's universally true, Bridgewater, an hour's drive from Halifax on Highway 103, has become the shopping centre for Lunenburg County and much of the south shore.

Bridgewater today is also something of a company town. The Michelin plant employs in the order of 1,800 people.



Rural charm at the heart of a commercial town

SMALL TOWNS

Civic officials credit the increased tax base with spurring the development of three shopping malls, new elementary and vocational schools and the proposed new hospital.

There's a certain legendary folksiness about the way Michelin's interest in the town was aroused. John Hirtle, a retired broadcaster and former mayor, was serving on the town's new development commission when he and his group read in the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald* that Quebec and Nova Scotia were competing as sites for location of a Michelin plant. Hirtle waxed eloquently about the attributes of the area, found a high school teacher to translate the letter into French and mailed it off to Michelin's head office in Clermont-Ferrand, France. "We sent the letter off airmail, special delivery and forgot about it," Hirtle says. It wasn't long before he was contacted by Michelin officials visiting Halifax and the local development commission went on to do a good old-fashioned selling job.

But the town is not without its home-grown entrepreneurs. Doug Parker, for example, is president and majority shareholder of the Bridgewater-based MacKenzie Bus Line Ltd. The firm, with its fleet of 13 silver and orange buses worth about a quarter of million dollars each, carries 100,000 passengers a year to a dozen major stops between Halifax and Yarmouth. The firm started when Bernard L. MacKenzie began taking passengers to and from Halifax in 1933 in a passenger car. It has stayed under the control of Bridgewater people, providing the town and the rest of the south shore with regular scheduled services.

Herman Rofihe, now 83, dropped into Bridgewater in 1924 to bide a little time before moving on to the United States. He never found the need to move on. An immigrant from Lebanon, Rofihe started off in a January snowstorm (dressed in a white Panama suit he had picked up on a detour through Cuba) to peddle men's wear, ladies' wear and tablecloths door-to-door. He knew hardly a word of English but his salesmanship was good enough that he parlayed his little business into a cart, a car and finally a store by 1926. Now Rofihe's men's wear store, along Bridgewater's main street, is approaching its 60th anniversary.

"The capitalist system, isn't it wonderful?" beams Herman Rofihe's son Barrie, who runs the store today. Barrie's story is an old familiar theme in Bridgewater. He left town to go to university and went to work in pipeline construction in Alberta. "I decided I wanted the smell of the ocean breezes," he says. "I wanted to be back where the



King St. and the Post Office

living is better. I don't ever intend to move away again," he says.

Bridgewater is also radio station CKBW whose record library contains one of the largest country music collections in the province. The station's 10,000 watt AM transmitter beams out over 37 hours of country music a week put on turntables by six country disc jockeys. For many, Saturday night in Bridgewater wouldn't be the same without an hour or two of toe-tapping tunes.



McLeod: more hustle and bustle today

The station's president and manager, James (Jamie) McLeod, came to Bridgewater in 1949 from CHNS, Halifax. When he first lived in Bridgewater, he says, nobody bothered to lock their doors and his first landlady claimed she made it a point to call on each new family that came to town. But even then, he says, Bridgewater was serving its role of hub of the south shore, and the streets thronged with shoppers on Saturday nights. Still, says McLeod, there were no streets signs. "If you wanted to know where somebody lived you'd be told he's right next door to Joe Smith."

It was the kind of place where, McLeod says, "I thought nothing of taking my lunch hour and taking the staff and going out for a swim. There wasn't the hustle and bustle there is today."

You can't live long in Bridgewater without being aware of the town's hard-working volunteer fire department. In an age when volunteers are becoming a thing of the past, the town's 62-man force, headed by service station operator Billy Rhodenizer, works tirelessly at fund-raising. There are firemen's breakfasts, garden parties and a canteen at the South Shore Exhibition. The firemen take to their duties so eagerly that Mayor Cook credits them with raising \$50,000 of the cost of the town's new \$180,000 aerial ladder truck.

Cook has been mayor of Bridgewater for nine years. His family has lived in the area since 1753. He's a descendant of German settlers who earlier went by the name Kock, which changed somewhere along the way to Cook.

The mayor's office overlooks the LaHave River as it winds its way through town. Relaxed and informal, Cook forsakes the mayor's chair and slides into one reserved for visitors. As expected, he's a zealous Bridgewater booster. "I've seen people retire and move here and, because they like it, their children have found work and moved here."

Cook wants to give the job the attention it deserves. For an honorarium and meeting allowances totalling about \$12,000 annually, he's put the family business — Cook's Oil Company Ltd., a Texaco distributor — in the hands of his son.

Naturally, he sees municipal politics in the town as healthy. "We certainly get our share of debate. We have a good council and they're certainly not yes people." Reporters who regularly observe council agree. From all reports, expenditures of tax dollars are weighed by a conscientious mayor and six-

member council that conducts its business in an orderly, questioning fashion.

Tracing its roots back to French settlement in the 1650s at nearby LaHave, Bridgewater was a late-blooming townsite as the original French and the German settlers that followed on a 1765 land grant slowly spread their homesteads up the river. As late as 1812 Bridgewater had only two houses. The bridge, first constructed in 1825, linked the communities on either side of the river and heralded the start of the town which was built apace during the rest of the century. In 1899, however, there was a catastrophic fire which destroyed the business district and claimed its toll on the town's architectural heritage. The town bounded back and a month later became incorporated — on Feb. 13, 1899.

As the name implies, bridges have always been a landmark in the town. There's been a succession of them and tales of their construction are wound into the folklore. Judge Mather Byles DesBrisay recorded in his *History of The County of Lunenburg* that builders of the 1825 bridge had a weakness for the spirits. "The liquor used by the workmen was charged against their wages and often wages were not sufficient to pay for it," the judge wrote. Legend has it the only way to keep the men on the bridge long enough to build it was to utilize an on-site toolshed as a tavern.

Still, most Bridgewater residents were a devout lot. They'd trudge the 26-kilometer roundtrip to Lunenburg to attend Sunday services before the community had its own churches. The trip would take all day.

While the influence of the German settlers has predominantly affected the traditions and customs of the rest of Lunenburg County, Bridgewater is more of a melting pot. There's a generous sprinkling of German names in the telephone book but also blending in are English, Scottish and French names. Many are the descendants of temporary workers who stayed.

Despite their strong work ethic, the people of Bridgewater enjoy their play and sociability. Coffee mugs — 75 to 80 of them — are all lined up on the wall of the Candy Centre on the main street waiting for the regulars to come in and use them.

The Candy Centre is a convenience store with four counter stools and a spacious ledge along the storefront window where 200 people a day pass through in often standing-room-only conditions. The parade of patrons starts when the store opens at 7 a.m. and things don't let up until closing time at 10 p.m. "I don't just drop in here on



Zinck and Mayor Cook at the Candy Centre

days I work," says car salesman Dave Kelly. "I bring the kids in on holidays."

Proprietor Jim Zinck treats his patrons like little kings. Zinck's warmth and conviviality don't go unrecognized. A while back, the regulars chipped in and bought him a wrought iron sign for the store made at Walter's Blacksmith shop in nearby Lunenburg. Jim had been having a bad fishing season this year so the gang mocked up a mounted papier mâché Atlantic salmon replica and presented it to him on his birthday. Sixty-four people

trooped into his yard to make the presentation.

Meanwhile, the walls of the Candy Centre resound with speculation about the town's civic election and how the two 12-meter yachts constructed at Bridgewater-based Crockett-McConnell Inc. will fare in the 1987 America's Cup Race in Perth, Australia. It's only a simple downhome business that happens to serve coffee and doughnuts but regular customer Buzz Wolfe says the Candy Centre "is really the centre of Bridgewater." ☒

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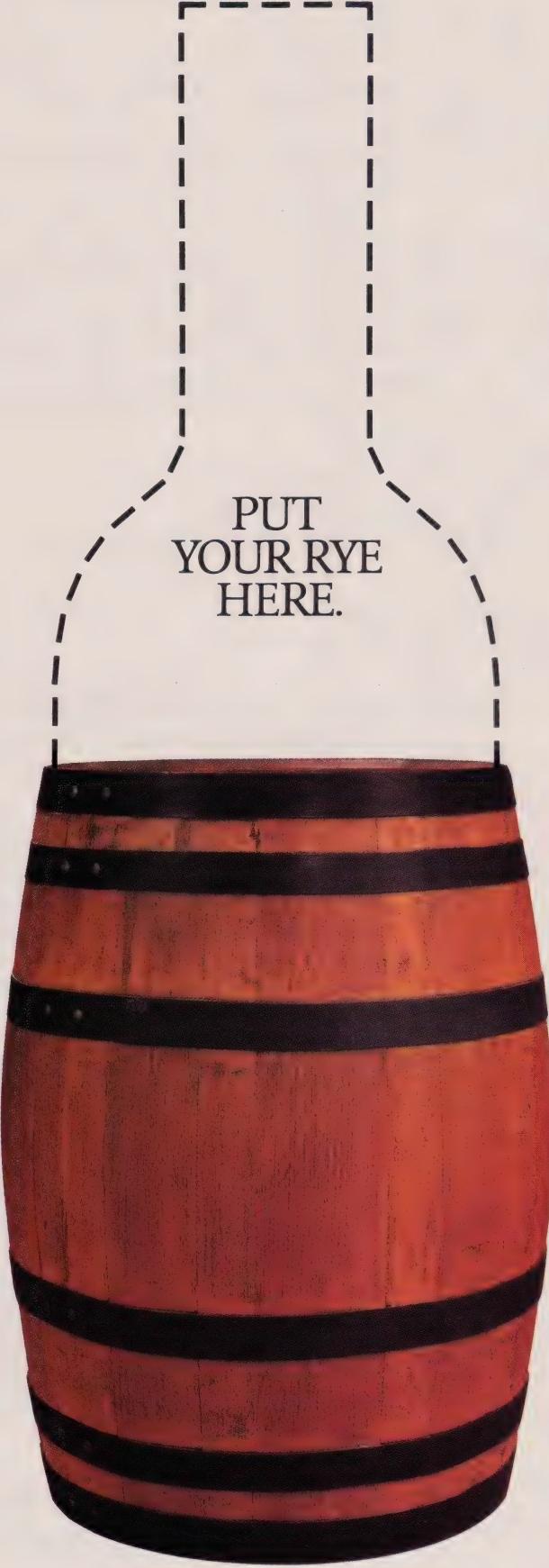
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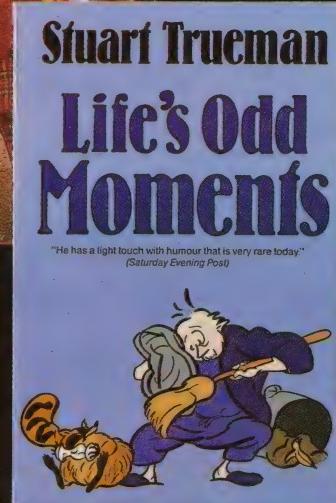
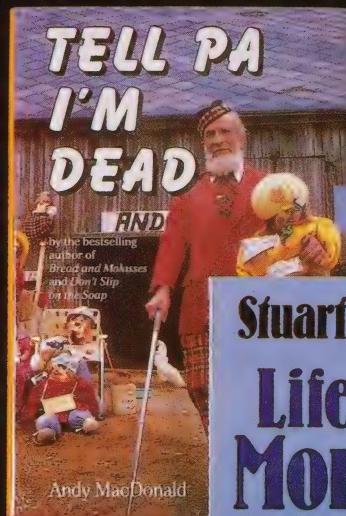
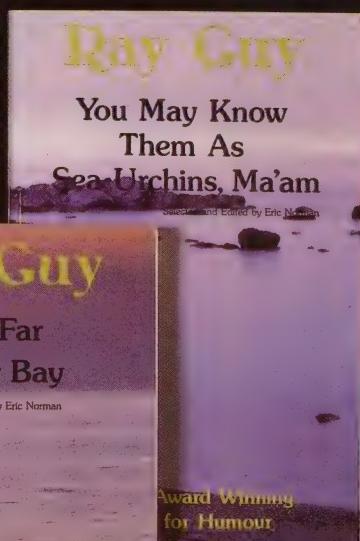
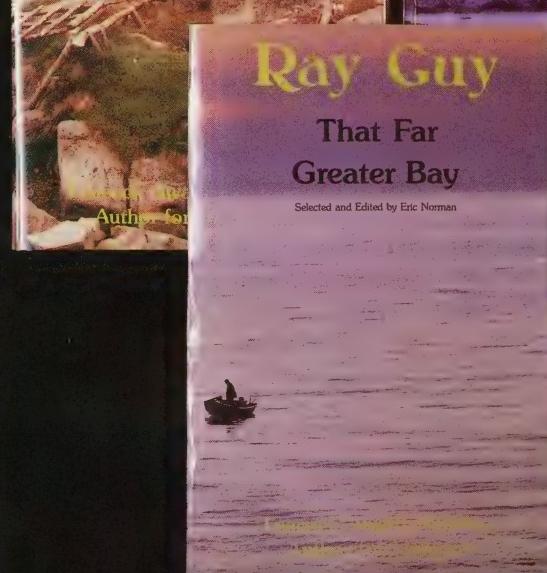
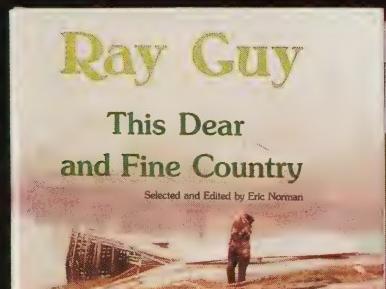
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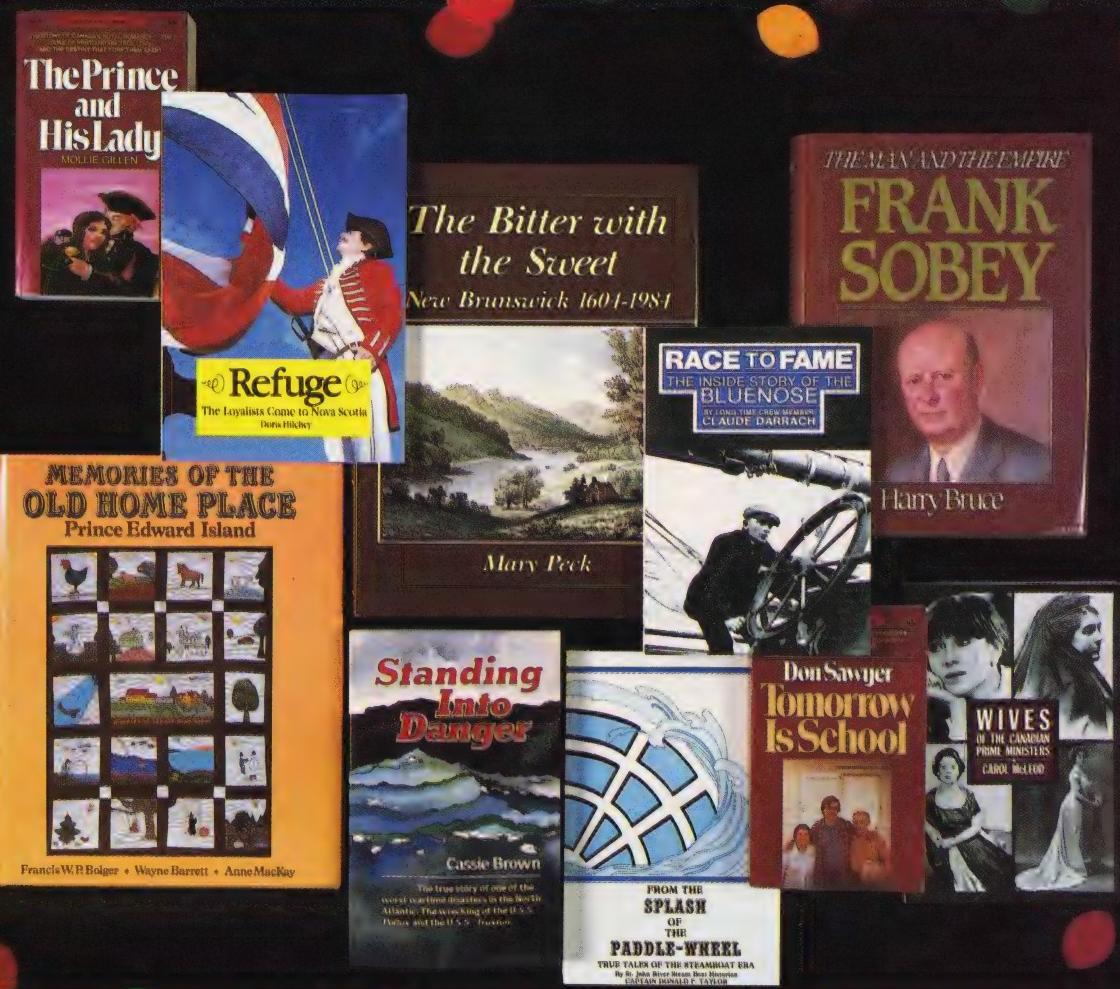
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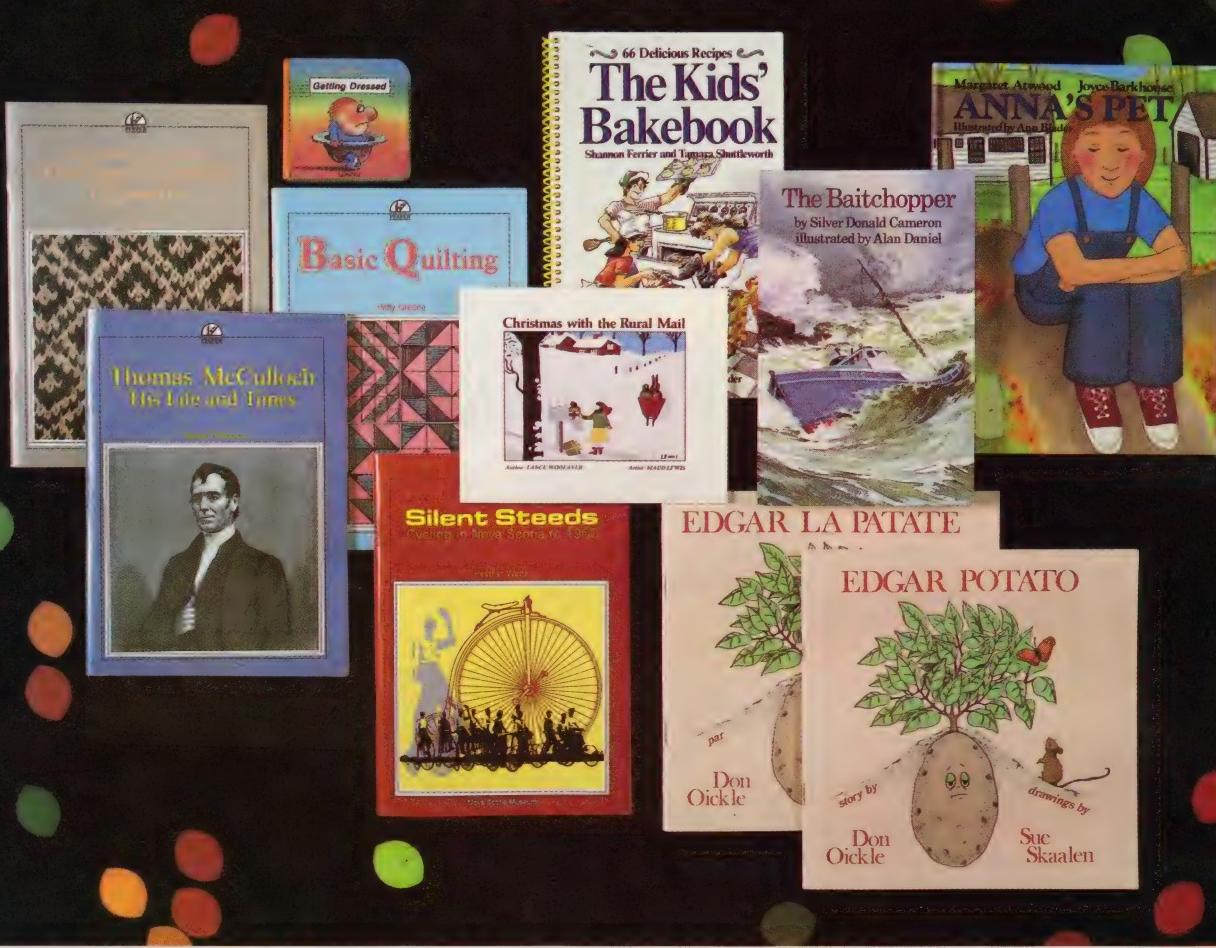
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Why the House of Schwartz came down

Some say the human element failed. Some say it was economic factors. But all say the death of the 144-year-old Schwartz spice company as a Maritime institution should never have happened

by Don McLeod

Bill Schwartz stepped into mighty big shoes back in 1967 when he became president of W. H. Schwartz and Sons Ltd., his family's Halifax-based company and North America's oldest coffee and spice house.

For almost 50 years, the job had belonged to his father, W. H. C. Schwartz, a dynamic, lovable, born salesman and a very tough act to follow.

Some said the shoes never really fit young Bill, that the fourth-generation heir had few qualifications to take over the company his great-grandfather had founded. Whether that was the case or not, he also arrived just in time to inherit a wicked brew of problems with spice sales which led, through 18 tortuous years, to dynastic death this year for the venerable company.

In mid-summer it was announced that a purchase offer had been made by Daltons (1834) Ltd. of Toronto, purveyors of most of the glacé goodies and fruits that freckle your Christmas cake. In fact, Bill Schwartz had already agreed to terms for his majority holdings and the sale took effect in October.

A Maritime business venture conspicuous for success during most of its 144 years had ended.

It began in 1841 when 33-year-old Dutch immigrant William Henry Schwartz set up Canada's first coffee roaster, a small hand mill, in a shed behind his Halifax home. His little operation produced nothing but coffee at first.

His son, W.E. Schwartz I, added spices to the product line — not the compound ones available until then, but pure spices from exotic parts of the world, the first to be sold in Canada. His selling trips around Nova Scotia became family legends. He would be gone months at a time, by horse and buggy, or by sleigh, even pedalling, they say, the first bicycle in Canada to roll on inflatable tires.

In some ways, his style heralded the coming era of W. H. C. Schwartz, grandson of the founder, during which a healthy little business burst from the Maritimes to become a national, then an international spice merchant.

Still referred to, four years after he died in 1981, age 85, as "the old man" and "old Schwartzie," he was a bulldog-built straight-shooter who began every working day, a protégé recalls, thinking of just one thing — sales.

In the half-century that followed the

First World War, he re-fashioned his inheritance with his own hands and in his own image, a personal "put-'er-there" style. He was a "people person" who made the lowliest production workers feel they belonged to a family.

Under him, Schwartz produced Canada's first prepared mustard (1919), bought out competitors in Saint John (1930) and Montreal (1949), and added peanut butter, flavoring extracts and packaged dates and raisins to his offerings.

Did the "big guys" squeeze Schwartz out? Perhaps. But mistakes were made at home too

The Montreal deal opened the Quebec market, where Schwartz still dominates mustard sales. Later, Schwartz moved to a new plant at Candiac, near Montreal, from which to serve Quebec, Ontario and western Canada. Laurentian Vinegars, a subsidiary, was set up there in 1961, much of its product going into Schwartz mustard mixes.

In 1967, the year the old man moved over to chairman to make way for his son, a new head office, production plant and quality control lab was opened at Lakeside, near Halifax.

As early as the 1930s, W. H. C. showed a special interest in selling abroad, but foreign sales were small until the 1950s, when Schwartz entered the United Kingdom market. In time, an equal partnership was formed with British interests and Schwartz came to be the top choice of British housewives. U.K. sales became the company's most profitable single venture. But W. H. C. was penetrating other countries in a series of globe-girdling trips. Schwartz developed sales in more than 50 foreign nations. When serious trouble developed at home, those foreign sales, as one former Schwartz executive put it, "paid the rent."

Losses began to show up about 20 years ago on Canadian sales. Nobody ever permanently reversed that. The root cause was a new era of tough, penny-pinching battling for supermarket shelf space.

Chain stores live on tiny profit margins and high volume, says Dr. Philip Rosson, associate professor of marketing in Dalhousie University's business school. "There is constant pressure to have the best mix of products available on a per-square-foot basis, even per cubic foot," he says. In response, in the 1960s, supermarkets began to put intense pressure on suppliers. They demanded more and more of what amounted to kickbacks — volume discounts, listing fees for new products, "push money" for promotions and so on.

Suppliers paid up. But smaller ones had a tougher time of it. Despite its success, Schwartz was tiny alongside international spice giants like McCormick's or French's, and the big guys began to push back. They wanted exclusivity to force competitors out of stores where their wares were being offered.

The cost of getting in also made existing operators more vulnerable to alternatives that began to appear later — bulk-packaged offerings and the like.

Bill Schwartz has, as a rule, refused to talk about what went wrong. In one case, though, he is reported to have told an interviewer "the big guys squeezed me out." But some of those who closely watched the decay and fall of the House of Schwartz, as the company sometimes called itself, say it need not have happened, that there was flat-footed indecision, even paralysis, in response to the competition. Bill, they say, was hopelessly indecisive and unable to see what had to be done.

None of those close to the action wanted to be named. Some wouldn't talk at all, but some did. One said: "I agree Bill Schwartz was one of the problems, but I think he'd admit that and tell you that when he finally decided he couldn't run the company (in 1979), he engaged somebody to give him those solutions. Unfortunately, he picked the wrong guys." It was the second time, the source said, Bill Schwartz turned to the wrong outside expert for help.

Ironically, he added, old W. H. C. Schwartz, ensconced patriarchally in the chairman's office, made it plain from the start he didn't approve of either choice. "That didn't help Bill very much."

One of the son's first moves on taking over was to hire consultants to find out what was going on and what should be done.

As one result, in 1972, he hired Roger Bureau, a marketing specialist from Miles

Laboratories of Toronto to be vice-president in charge of sales.

Bureau found one problem apparently attributable to old W. H. C.'s single-minded dedication to sales, almost at any cost. Nobody really knew how much of anything was being sold, making it impossible to pinpoint strengths, weaknesses or solutions.

After tallying things up, Bureau tried to use the flexibility and speed of decision-making intrinsic to Schwartz's small, tightly controlled nature, to sidestep its bigger, stronger opponents — finesse them rather than slugging it out. He urged innovative new product development, specialty mustards for instance, that would use the Schwartz reputation for quality as a customer appeal.

Those who watched said Bill Schwartz simply didn't agree, or couldn't decide, on most of Bureau's ideas. Sometimes, when his decision came, it was too late and maybe, by then, the wrong one, they claim.

Losses stabilized a bit through the 1970s, but the company was getting nowhere on the basic problem. Seven years after hiring Bureau, and after a second consultants' report, Bill Schwartz brought in Stan Sefton as executive vice-president, over Bureau's head. Most think Sefton's mandate was to fix it or sell it, a last ditch effort.

In any event, he is said to have engineered the Daltons takeover. One of his first moves, though, was to fire Bureau

after just three weeks.

As soon as he took office, Sefton made three major policy proclamations that amounted to a radical change of direction: the U. K. operation, biggest single money-maker, would be sold and the return used to diversify, and hopefully strengthen, Canadian operations; export operations would be, generally, de-emphasized and a greater focus put on the troubled domestic sales; and in line with the second thrust, the head office would be moved to Montreal, nearer the problem.

The first step was taken first. U. K. operations were run through a joint venture with a British partner, who had an equal share with Schwartz in the operation. Schwartz sold its half to its partner for no more, one insider said, than half what it was worth.

Head office personnel were shifted to Montreal, then back to Halifax again six months later at significant cost and no return. The money from the U. K. sale was lost in bad investments. At that point, the House of Schwartz seems to have been living on borrowed time.

In January 1985, saying it had to cut costs, Schwartz called a halt to spice-grinding at Lakeside. That ended Maritime production. Bill Schwartz said shipping costs to the central Canadian market, 70 per cent of domestic sales, were prohibitive. Shortly afterward, Coca-Cola bought the plant and Schwartz, as a Maritime business, ceas-

ed to exist even before its formal sale.

Among many of those who had been part of it, there lingers an intense feeling of frustration and sadness. "I feel it was a good company, good to its employees," one pined. "That's a sign of a company, isn't it?" At the same time, he conceded, "I don't know what other options Bill had in the end."

But there were options until late in the game, said another, to which Bill Schwartz was too proud to turn. "I know there were people in the Maritime financial community who would have been delighted to help. They were never approached."

Nobody suggests Bill needed the bucks personally. Years before he sold the firm, Peter Newman's *The Canadian Establishment* listed the Schwartz family in "the \$20 million group."

Dalton's business line, baking products, dovetails nicely with aspects of its new acquisition. Dalton's president Bruce Moyle says the move will afford some "cyclical protection." The company will keep — and capitalize on — the Schwartz name, with production in the Candiac plant.

Exports may be another matter. Strongest remnant of the Schwartz company, it will be a brand new field for its new owner, an exclusively domestic, all-Canadian private firm. Moyle said some members of the Schwartz team will join his.

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Don Keddy: his money, motels, horses — and enemies

He's a high school dropout and a non-charmer, but his 1,500 rooms make him the biggest innkeeper in the Maritimes. He loves money and horses, but hates unions

by Don McLeod

Don Keddy has two passions: horses and money. His 23-year journey to the summit of the Maritimes' accommodations industry, in fact, began on horseback. "I had a friend, Eli Zepperman," he says from his cramped office in Keddy's Motor Inn on the west side of Halifax. "We used to ride together. He told me I should build a motel here on Chocolate Lake. That's how I started."

The ride has been rough at times for the boyhood hotdog vendor and a high school dropout. He's dished out a few lumps and taken his share — especially from unions. Apart from being the owner of the largest hotel and motel chain in the Maritimes, his renown in recent years has been linked to an 18-month labor battle at a Halifax nursing home, which he sold rather than give in to union demands for a higher wage for poorly-paid employees.

Keddy's first motel, the 33-room Armdale, opened in 1962. It became the cornerstone of a chain of 13 hotels and motels he has either built or bought, six of them in Nova Scotia and seven in New Brunswick. With 1,500 rooms (and 1,200 employees), Keddy is easily the host with the most in the Maritimes. Holiday Inns, for example, has eight locations in all four

Atlantic Provinces, half of them in Newfoundland, offering two-thirds the number of rooms.

For Keddy, horses and making money go back to his elementary school days. He walked a newspaper route from Grade 2 until he quit school after Grade 10, using his earnings to buy his first horse, a filly name Perfection. He sharpened skates and did odd jobs in his father's "checkhouse" beside Chocolate Lake, where several generations rented skates, checked boots or just came in for a hot drink and a shin of heat in the days of five-and-six month freeze-ups. Then the winters got warmer, the lake didn't freeze over, except for a couple of months. The checkhouse business slipped.

Schoolboy Keddy, though, was diversifying. He set up a ten-by-ten foot shack beside the St. Margaret's Bay Road property and began selling hotdogs. "Later I expanded it and started selling fish and chips," he says.

After his father's death, his mother and immediate family helped him build the Armdale, now a Keddy's Motor Inn, increased later to 130 rooms and still his operation base.

In his crowded cubby of an office, he grins cagily as a familiar question begins

to form. He invites it. "Go on, tell me what you've heard." Rumor has it he is backed by New Brunswick's wealthy Irving interests, that he may have married an Irving.

"No, my wife's name was Cynthia Streeter. She was from Rothesay (a posh Saint John suburb). Her father ran a strip mine in Minto, N.B. I've heard it before," Keddy says of the rumor. "I think it's because of my wife."

If not the Irvings, does he have any major silent partner? "It's all Don Keddy with four banks and a trust company (as backers)."

Two hours later, union business agent Harold Martell leans across a desk to confide the worst kept secret about Don Keddy: "You know, there's Irving money behind him." Told what Keddy had just said, Martell replies, "If he says that about his wife, I have to accept that. But I still say — I know — the Irvings are backing him. He's bigger in New Brunswick than he is in Nova Scotia and he's just the kind of businessman the Irvings like."

Martell led a prolonged, bitter strike at a Keddy-owned nursing home across Chocolate Lake from that first motel.

Keddy is ambitious, independent-minded, openly anti-union ("I hate unions") and ill-at-ease in the glare of publicity. Like the Irvings, even his adversaries are inclined to praise his acumen. "He plays his cards and plays them well," says Martell.

The biggest hotelier in the region pulled out of the Innkeepers Guild several years ago when it refused him a special membership rate in light of his numerous properties. Guild president Maureen Banyard of Kingston, N.S. wishes he was still a member, but says Keddy remains friendly and helpful to smaller operators. "He's a true professional," she says. "He's not out to win a popularity contest, but he's a very astute businessman. I like his forthrightness."

Keddy says he likes the hotel-motel business because he likes dealing with people. But he's no charmer. He badgered three levels of government unmercifully for five years as president of the Atlantic Winter Fair, his pet project, until he got a permanent home for it outside Halifax. One who watched that process says "he's a bull in a china shop, frankly. He just barges in. I think people give him what he wants so he will go away."

That's okay by David Coombs, fair manager. "I don't think you can charm in business, this business or any other," Coombs says. "You have to push. And you can't charm if you push."

When others on the all-volunteer AWF board gave up hope, Keddy hung in until the fair finally opened in 1984 on its 165-acre, \$5.5-million site. "I don't think any other individual can take the credit," says Coombs.

Martell discovered Keddy's willpower during the 18-month strike at the nursing

home, built as Keddy's second property in 1965 for \$1 million. He says an early attempt to unionize the low-paid workforce failed when Keddy simply refused to negotiate. Martell's Canadian Union of Public Employees local tried again in 1981, a decade later. Keddy sold the place rather than sign.

(Another union, led by Martell's brother, won the right to represent employees of a Sydney Keddy's Motor Inn after a tough battle.)

Keddy says he doesn't mind the black eye in labor circles "because I know I was right. We were overstaffed. I put my brother in there to run the place and we just hired too many people." Martell claims nursing homes are a lucrative business and Keddy's helped finance his hotel-motel growth. Keddy denies it. "If you cut way back, you can make a lot of money. But we had too many people. I didn't make much money there and I didn't make much when I sold it."

Besides those he has built, Keddy has bought such established hotels as the Brunswick in Moncton, and the Lord Beaverbrook in Fredericton. He also owns the Stonehouse Motel in Truro, N.S. Newest member of the chain is the former Causeview Motel (previously the Shieling) at Port Hawkesbury, N.S., bought for \$375,000 earlier this year from receiver Touche Ross.

Nova Scotia taxpayers lost a total of \$618,000 under the Shieling's two former owners, Billy Joe MacLean, now a provincial cabinet minister, and his brother Bernie. Keddy got it just in time for a \$4-million expansion and upgrading program throughout his entire chain, due to be finished this fall. He installed soundproofing insulation, new carpeting and furniture and plans an indoor pool. Only two other of his spots, Bathurst, N.B., and Dartmouth, N.S., don't have pools.

The Truro Keddy's Motor Inn got a \$1-million facelift under the expansion and upgrading program, which Keddy says had to wait out the "criminal" 24 per cent interest rates of a few years ago. Those borrowing costs almost destroyed everything he'd built, he says, adding that his resulting 18-hour days probably contributed to divorce four years ago from the wife he met at a horse show.

Keddy lives on a 200-acre property in Harrietsfield, near Halifax, where he owns seven horses and boards 13 more. He also owns two suburban cable television companies but is secretive about his total investments and worth — "I don't know" — and his age — "I'm old, I never tell anybody how old." But he says building a hotel or motel costs \$20,000 to \$150,000 per room, depending on extras. Even at the lowest figure 1,500 rooms represent \$45 million. Will he retire someday just to horses? "No. I need business for excitement. I need some stress. I don't ever want to go through that 24 per cent stuff again, but I do need some." Stress that is. Somehow you get the feeling Don Keddy won't be disappointed.

Delights of the pizza trade

If you thought that Pizza Delight was a central Canadian or U.S. chain, you'd be wrong. It's a Moncton-based operation with 200 outlets and it's aiming for 2,000 within 12 years

by Carol McLeod

Back in 1967, fresh out of the University of Moncton, Bernard Imbeault and a classmate bought out two humble pizza stands — one in Shédiac and one in Moncton. The rest reads like Cinderella-on-the-Petitcodiac. Imbeault's operation, Pizza Delight, is now the largest pizza chain in Canada, with 200 outlets and gross sales last year of over \$60 million.

And the limit is nowhere in sight. Pizza is the fastest growing fast food around, according to Barry Veno, the company's director of marketing, and the company intends to ride the crest of that growth. From its modest headquarters just off the road to Shédiac in west-end Moncton, Pizza Delight has already set up 12 outlets

in Japan. It also has three in the U.S., including two opened this year — one in Maryland and one in Florida. There are 60 in the Atlantic Provinces, including four opened this year, plus 126 in the rest of Canada.

Imbeault isn't surprised by his company's success. "We had a goal that we felt was attainable; 12 years from now we'd like to have 2,000 outlets in North America." All this from Moncton? You bet. Imbeault says, "I don't feel it's difficult running a business from the Maritimes. With flight scheduling and differences in time zones, we occasionally show up for an early morning appointment before the people we want to see are there. It's also nice to know that you can leave the rat race in Toronto or Boston



Bernard Imbeault: a bright idea — franchising was the wave of the future

WAYNE CHASE

and return to the peace of the Maritimes."

Imbeault, a native of the Gaspé in Quebec, realized from his university days that franchising was the wave of the future. With classmate Roger Duchesne he focused on fast foods and identified pizza as the most undermarketed food product in the country.

With no pizza chains then in the Atlantic region, Imbeault and Duchesne bought their two small stands and Pizza Delight was in business. The next step was to develop a winning sauce. The final recipe — kept secret even from franchisees — was just that, a winner. Product consistency then became the number one priority.

With culinary matters under control, the partners began marketing franchises. By 1972 they had sold 30. With growth came the need for better financial controls. Imbeault and Duchesne asked Bernard Cyr, another University of Moncton alumnus, to take over the company's administration. Not long after, Duchesne left to head his own Minute Muffler franchise.

By putting every cent back into the business, Imbeault and Cyr were able to expand into Quebec and Ontario. The next big move came in 1977 when Pizza Delight bought out Pizza Patio Management Ltd., a Vancouver-based firm with outlets in western Canada and Japan. Two years later Pizza Delight sold its Ontario assets and development rights to Robin Hood Multifoods Inc. of Toronto.

After Cyr left the day-to-day administration of the company to run his own Pizza Delight outlets, Imbeault achieved a substantial increase in sales per unit. He did this by closing smaller units, expanding the size of restaurants, acquiring liquor licenses, improving decor and diversifying the menu. By 1984 Pizza Delight was ready to expand abroad and sold area franchises for the states of Maryland and Alabama.

While the going price for a Pizza Delight franchise is \$25,000, the total investment required for building an outlet complete with dining room is between \$150,000 and \$250,000. (By comparison, Burger King, with 132 outlets in Canada, charges a \$40,000 franchise fee and investors pay at least another \$430,000 for the building and equipment.) Pizza Delight provides training for at least two employees per outlet; the five-day course covers everything from product preparation to sales promotion. Quality control inspectors visit each restaurant regularly to ensure that the lessons learned at the training facility are put into practice. Food supplies, including pizza sauce and donair mix, which are made at the company's plant in Scoudouc, N.B., and paper products, which are also made in the Maritimes, are shipped by various carriers to distribution points in eastern and western Canada and to the United States and are then sent on to individual outlets. The exception is Japan where outlets are serviced by Japanese suppliers.

Pizza Delight's nearest rival nationally is Mother's, an Ontario-based chain offering both full-service restaurants and takeout and delivery facilities. In the Maritimes, the Greco chain provides a measure of competition. Marketing director Veno estimates, however, that in Atlantic communities where Pizza Delight is represented, the company controls between 45 and 50 per cent of the pizza market. He also says that in spite of increased competition he expects Pizza Delight's market growth to continue.

At present, Pizza Delight is trying to attract a greater share of lunchtime business. The bulk of sales now comes after 5 p.m. and Veno feels that by introducing such products as caesar salad and seafood casserole and by emphasizing that pizza can be served and eaten in less than hour, the company will attract more business people. Although the new products have already boosted revenue, Veno says that pizza still accounts for 60 per cent of all sales.

Future plans call for the continued upgrading of existing outlets from takeout to full restaurant status, especially in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

Although Veno attributes a great deal of Pizza Delight's success to the popularity of its sauce and the quality and taste of its pizza, he feels that the consistency of the company's products has been a major factor in building sales. "Once you find something consumers like, the secret is to give it to them over and over again." ☒



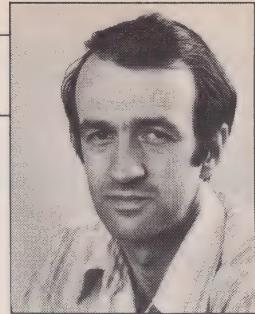
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A belly-up fish recovers

There are so many positive factors," the man exulted. "One has to be optimistic about the next couple of years."

A pedlar of Korean cars, right? A purveyor of miracle hair restorer? A hawker of professional sports contracts?

No. Incredibly, a fisheries association type talking about nothing less than the Atlantic fishery.

What? you ask in astonishment. Hasn't the Atlantic fishery already floated by belly-up? What about countervailing duties, rotten tuna, bankrupt companies, poverty-stricken fishermen, lousy markets — veritable schools of catastrophes?

Let the gentleman make his point. Groundfish prices have firmed up. The Americans have developed a voracious appetite for fresh fish. Even frozen cod blocks — an excess of which was at the root of the "restructuring" crisis for the big companies two years ago — are in short supply, and their price is rising accordingly. The stocks have largely recovered from their depleted state of ten years ago. The perennially-troubled National Sea Products is making money, as are many smaller firms. The lobster catch is better than it's been for the past 50 years. Crab prices have bounced back after a bad slip last winter. And even the herring fishery has slowly returned, especially with the opening of a market for the roe in Japan.

I'd like to add a piece of evidence of my own. In a recent edition of the *Reader's Digest* there was an article, condensed from a health magazine, making some rather remarkable claims for fish as a health food. I thought some of the claims exaggerated (eases psoriasis, relieves arthritis) but never mind. The word that fish is a "miracle food" is wending its way through the literature read by diet-conscious Americans. Myth usually equals money for anything that gets caught up like this in the American media. In this case the fishing industry may be the beneficiary.

If the fishery is "recovering," that is because it is always breaking out into little spots of prosperity, despite its image of perpetual poverty and gloom. It was a kind of boom which brought the first Basques and the others to these shores. The opening of the lobster fishery over a century ago was as important as any discovery of gold. So was the opening of the scallop grounds some three decades ago. Then there was the hell-for-leather harvesting of the herring in the late 1960s.

Nearly always, these surges of good fortune raised expectations that couldn't be fulfilled, often because the resource was fished out forthwith, and led to hardship later. This was never more true than with what some called the "gold rush" of 1978 to 1980 which resulted from the publicity surrounding the declaration of 200-mile limits around the world. Demand for fish rose, and so did prices. Some fish prices went up as much as tenfold, only to slide back shortly, although not shortly enough to prevent fishermen and fish companies

fishery goes on in its immense human complexity and is far less susceptible to sudden catastrophe than is generally assumed.

Among all the problems which the fishery faces, there's only one which I would call truly endemic and extremely difficult to overcome. It's the fact that Newfoundland fishery is in fact poor. Most of the positive factors cited above, for example, don't apply to Newfoundland, mainly because of the dominance of one species, cod, which have a habit of occasionally not migrating near shore where the small boat fishermen can catch them, as happened this year. Newfoundland's misfortune, in fact, is what is partly powering the "recovery" for the Maritime producers — a shortage of Newfoundland cod is partly what's creating rising prices for frozen cod blocks. Whereas Nova Scotia's National Sea Products is now making money, the Atlantic coast's other supercompany, Newfoundland's Fishery Products International, has just received another \$100 million in federal financing.

Other problems, despite what appears to be their fearsome mien, come and go. One of them is the matter of American countervailing duties. A judgement in favor of such duties by American authorities would provoke tremendous emotion in Atlantic Canada. Yet in the end, the realities being what they are, the duty itself would likely be in the order of three or four per cent — and only on some products. The fishery would not be destroyed. Indeed, the countervails affair is somewhat reminiscent of the business over Georges Bank. Canada and the U.S. each got half of the disputed zone in last year's decision by the World Court. Fishermen on both sides screamed as though the world had come to an end. Both are now adjusting to the new reality, and without excessive trauma.

The fishery may indeed be a sink of poverty for some and, once in a while, a bonanza for others. But despite its apparent instability, it's here to stay. That may sound banal. But for the longest time, despite its ancient roots, it's been assumed that the fishery was an occupation only for the down-and-out, for those who lacked the initiative to leave and get a job elsewhere. The "recovery," if it can stick and if it can spread to Newfoundland — which I expect it will — should provide an opportunity to put those old attitudes to rest once and for all. Fishing, it will eventually be understood, is an occupation as sound as any other.

Of all the problems which the East Coast fishery faces, there's only one which is truly endemic. It's the fact that the Newfoundland fishery is in fact poor

from spending too much on new boats and plants. It was this poor judgement — the belief in the false economics of gold rushes — and the resulting debt that caused the crisis in the fishery of the past four years, far more than low prices. A solid industry could weather a cyclical round of low prices.

Fishing is a hunt — a peculiar thing for a modern economic activity to be. The luck of the chase, the coming around of mysterious cycles — whether biological or economic — are still in it. There's a wildness about it. This is why it always seems to be caught up in some drama or other, to be nearing the brink of disaster or, occasionally, to be spiralling up dizzying heights. But this is deceptive. There are real dramas, real disasters — and even real fortunes occasionally made — but on the whole the reality is far more humdrum. Come low or high water, the

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OLKS

May 13 — Mother's Day — was a black day in the life of **Doug MacAfee**, 38. That night a person or persons still unknown set fire to MacAfee's Ollie Mac's Trading Co. Ltd., the biggest night spot in Sussex, N.B. The 2½-year-old night club was completely gutted, with damage estimated at over \$100,000. For MacAfee, whose previous business had gone under in the recession of 1982, it looked like the end. He had less than \$3,000 in his bank account. Then, as he says, an "amazing" thing happened. Good friends, staff and customers, up to 40 in all, volunteered to help MacAfee rebuild. Six weeks later, on July 24, Ollie Mac's (named after MacAfee's grandfather) was again open for business. No one was paid, and even the tradesman who hooked up the new fire alarm system said "forget it" when asked for his bill. Naturally, there was "a big party afterwards." MacAfee laughs at the suggestion that all this labor of love was because he's "a good guy." People, he says, just "missed the place." The 255-seat, 8,000 square foot night club, a converted supermarket, draws customers from as far away as Moncton, Saint John and Fredericton to be entertained by rock

MacAfee: love's labor regained

and country groups such as Minglewood, Joan Kennedy and Country Clover, Bryan Jones, and Screaming Trees. MacAfee has his "own suspicions" who set the May 13 fire, but so far the police haven't been able to lay arson charges. A watchman now guards Ollie Mac's 24 hours a day.

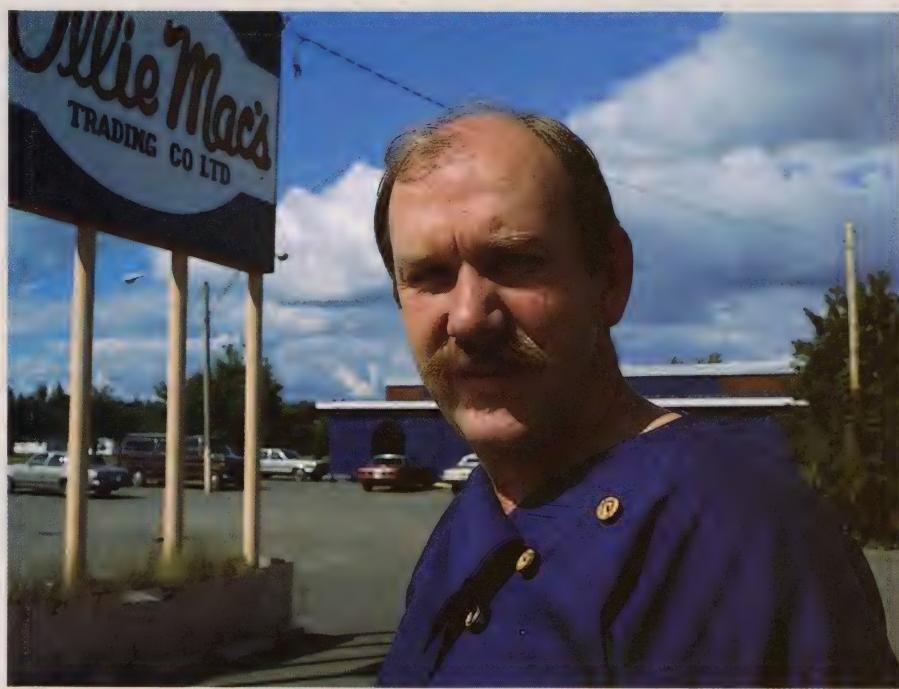
tions, and this has redeeming social value. It's a complete history lesson." Bourne, who takes it all quite seriously, spent nearly \$250,000 on the project. This year he plans to spend another \$250,000 on a simulated space shuttle trip. The giant rocket, now under construction, is just next door to King Tut's Tomb.



PETER GARD

Hart: Miss Jane Marple set right

Agatha Christie's fictional detective, Miss Marple, is portrayed in movies as a loud, tweedy spinster who solves murders by blundering about and being nosy. The portrayal is a false one, says St. John's librarian **Anne Hart** whose *The Life and Times of Miss Jane Marple* will receive world-wide distribution this fall by the prestigious New York publishing firm of Dodd, Mead (Christie's American publisher). The real Miss Marple, according to Hart, was very ladylike. She was tall and thin with china blue eyes and a gentle expression. "She wore drab, gentlewoman's country clothes. She threw up this great smokescreen of being a harmless, innocuous old lady. Underneath she had a mind like a steel trap." Christie wrote 12 detective novels in all starring Miss Marple, and 20 short stories. According to Hart, as Christie herself aged, she became more and more interested in her spinster creation, and eventually turned the St. Mary Mead detective into her mouthpiece for the aged. Hart has no problem at all understanding the universal appeal of Miss Marple. "Miss Marple has a very cynical view of human nature," says Hart, "she never believes what people tell her and insists that living in a small English village is the very best training for a detective — in a small setting you see what awful things people are up to." Hart, a mother of three,



WAYNE CHASE

and head librarian at the Centre of Newfoundland Studies at Memorial University, makes light of her success in courting Christie's New York publishers. "It's true it is a bit of a coup for someone from Newfoundland," she says, "but then I took the project very seriously. I felt I had a marketable idea and I set out to be a meticulous biographer." Hart is equally reluctant to admit that a youth spent in Nappan, N.S., or years spent in Newfoundland played any part in her understanding of Miss Marple's character. "Miss Marple always suspected the worst," says Hart, "she believed in good and evil, in capital punishment. But I happen to think people are very nice."

Rhonda MacKenzie of Summerside, P.E.I., received her first ornamental set of salt and pepper shakers in 1964, a gift from her mother. That was to be the start of her amazing collection which today numbers 3,734 sets. They come from every corner of the globe in every color, size and shape, and each is carefully catalogued so Mrs. MacKenzie can quickly tell how and when she acquired each one. Though there's a lot of work involved in arranging and dusting the ever-growing collection, Mrs. MacKenzie says it's more than worth the trouble. "It's just been a blessing," the 82-year-old Islander says as she surveys the multitude of shakers which have now claimed her entire den and is spilling over into the kitchen and dining room. The oldest set, a blue milk glass with a poppy design, dates back to 1890. The satisfaction of compiling such a collection is just one element

of the pleasure Mrs. MacKenzie derives from her unique hobby. Ten years ago she and her son, Gordon, advertised the collection by placing notices on bulletin boards across the province. Since then, the visitors have come regularly and not only from Prince Edward Island but also from California, other Canadian provinces and even as far away as New Zealand. Many have expected to pay an admission fee but Mrs. MacKenzie says that's something she will never accept, choosing instead the friendship her visitors offer. "It makes you happier in life when you can share with other people," she says. "I have met a lot of nice people and made real good friends, people I'd never have met if it wasn't for this."

School Band marched with the legionnaires but it folded temporarily in 1982. "When they quit that really got to me," said Smeltzer. "I decided we were going to form our own band." He did just that. He talked to fellow members of the Mahone Bay Legion, Branch 49, and got \$5,000 to buy reconditioned and new instruments. In September 1983 seven bandmen sat down to play their first number with the Mahone Bay Legion Band. Today 13 to 16 members sit down

She's been a broadcaster, Salvation Army worker, pig farmer and inveterate tinkerer, but Rev. Marilyn McDonald's real passion is people. A United Church minister for the past five years, she keeps "a few (60) chickens" behind her Milford, N.S. manse, base of her Milford-Gays River-Lantz pastoral charge. Born in Halifax, she grew up with her missionary parents in India's Himalayas, returning to Nova Scotia at 17 to finish high school. Later, she studied and worked with the Salvation Army in the Ottawa Valley, Toronto and Fredericton. She pursued an interest in farming at the Nova Scotia Agricultural College in Truro, then McDonald College in Guelph for a degree. After adult education work with the Nova Scotia Newstart Program in Yarmouth, she joined the Prince Edward Island agriculture department as information officer. She instituted farm broadcasts with Charlottetown radio stations CFCY and CHTN, then decided to go the whole hog in farming. She opened a piggery with "somewhere between 800 and 900 feeders." But, despite doing her own repairs on cantankerous farm machinery, everything that could go wrong did so. "It just went bust," she says. So, it was back to school, this time the Atlantic School of Theology in Halifax. She was ordained in 1980. How's this job? "Sometimes the hours and the emotions are extremely punishing, but after all, that's my choice." She adds, "That's what the chickens are for. After running flat out all day, it's nice to just go out in the barn and be with creatures whose problems are a little less overwhelming."

Second World War veteran Phillip Smeltzer, 67, refused to see himself and fellow Mahone Bay, N.S., legionnaires march to the cenotaph on Remembrance Day without a marching band. For years, bands came from nearby Bridgewater and Lunenburg but, because of their own Remembrance Day parades, they were not free to march in Mahone Bay until afternoon. But Smeltzer insists the ceremonies must be held at the cenotaph at 11 a.m. For a while, the Mahone Bay



Smeltzer: Remembrance Day restored

for routine practices. Smeltzer was delighted this summer when 22 bandmen turned out to perform at the annual Mahone Bay Firemen's Garden Party. "I never thought I'd see this when we started," he beamed. Smeltzer puts a lot of hours into the band: obtaining music, trucking chairs and instruments about to concerts and parades, and dealing with scheduling and arranging of performances. Although he's the band organizer, he can't stay away from the action. He pitches in, playing the bass drum or cymbals. Previously, his only experience with band music was playing the cymbals once when he was a boy with the old Mahone Bay Citizen's Band. But that didn't work out too well. His father, a professional musician, told him to watch the bass drummer and take his cue from that, "but the bass drummer didn't hit the drum," he chuckles. Still, Philip Smeltzer, a former merchant marine gunner and army sergeant instructor, sees that the beat goes on at the Mahone Bay Legion Band.



MacKenzie: 3,734 salt and peppers



My mother: Amherst's Lebanese celebrity cook

by Valerie Mansour

My mother once was just a good cook. Now she has become something of a local celebrity. She receives fan mail about her cookbook; she's been interviewed on three radio programs; she has even been to university to cook and to discuss Lebanese food customs with students. "I've graduated", she announces proudly, noting that only a year earlier she had spoken about Lebanon to a group of grade fours.

It was bound to happen. A few years ago, she decided to liven up her weekly women's church group meeting by making cabbage rolls on stage. Dressed in her colorful kerchief and apron, she turned a cooking class into a comedy routine. "Rinse that rice" she ordered her puzzled assistant who didn't realize some peo-

ple think rice is dusty.

Even at home she has the floor — to do her cooking on, that is. "There's no need to get tired," she says as she stretches out on the floor with her plate of ingredients at her side. With one eye on the French cartoons on television, she rolls a large pot of grape leaves in half an hour. If her family doesn't get hold of them, they might end up at a pot-luck at the golf club or church.

While a high school student, I taught piano at home on Saturday mornings. One little girl had her mother believing she always came early and stayed late because she was such a keen student. In fact, it was helping my mother make spinach turnovers that received equal time with Beethoven.

Lebanese food was not always this

popular. When Alexandra, my mother, arrived in Amherst, N.S., in 1948 as a newly-wed from Lebanon, her native food was a little too exotic for the local tastebuds. In fact, it wasn't always easy for the family to continue their regular eating habits. Some of the more unusual ingredients had to be ordered from a Lebanese food distributor in Montreal, and we attempted to overcome Nova Scotia's short growing season by cultivating everything from cauliflower to eggplant. We obtained grape leaves from friends who grew grapes for wine, and at Christmas Lebanese pastries arrived from relatives in the United States.

But with the arrival of "natural foods" on the market, the public now has an interest in Lebanese cooking and the ingredients are easy to find in specialty food stores and delicatessens.

Chick peas, lentils and bulgar wheat are some of the staples of the Lebanese diet. The main vegetables are eggplant, okra and vegetable marrow. The Lebanese fry their cauliflower, roll their swiss chard, and stuff their potatoes. Lamb is the most common meat, although beef can be used in many of the dishes. Preferred flavorings are lemon and garlic. (My mother never makes the garlic-laden dish "hummus" for dinner on Fridays because my father, a merchant, works that evening and doesn't want his suit-selling powers to be adversely influenced by his breath!)

Duplicating my mother's cooking has taken some practice. My first batch of Lebanese bread would have made fine frisbees, and my yogurt turned out thinner than the milk it once was. But I've overcome all that now. My luck turned one evening when my mother called to discover that we were both making yogurt at the same time. Just concentrating on her making perfect yogurt did the trick! As for the bread, the secret undoubtedly rests in blessing the dough before you leave it to rise!

My friends have now been turned on to Lebanese food and any time I catch a drive from my house in Halifax to my family's home in Amherst, we have the uncanny ability to arrive at mealtime. The recipes that follow are everyone's favorites.

Hobus Lubnany Lebanese Bread

1 tablespoon dry yeast
1/2 cup warm water
1 teaspoon sugar
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon shortening
6-8 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt

Dissolve the tsp. sugar in the warm water and add the yeast. Let it stand for 10 minutes and then stir well.

Warm the milk, shortening and tablespoon sugar over medium heat.

Meanwhile, mix the salt with the flour in a large bowl. Add the other ingredients and mix well. Knead until you have a soft

dough. Add water if the dough seems too stiff. (You may need about a cup.) The dough has a good texture when it begins to stick to your fingers. Form into a ball. Cover the bowl, wrap in towels, and leave in a warm place to rise for at least 2 hours, although overnight is preferable.

Then cut the dough into 8 equal pieces and form each into a smooth ball. Set on a lightly floured surface and cover with a towel. Let rest for 20 minutes.

Roll each ball pie-shaped $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Bake 2 at a time, on a cookie sheet for 7-10 minutes at 500°F.

Bread in Lebanon is made without shortening, but when using Canadian flour shortening is necessary so that the bread is not difficult to chew.



Alexandra Mansour: "I've graduated"

Phatire Luhem Meat Turnovers

Pastry:
4 rolls of Lebanese bread dough

Filling:
3 tablespoons butter
3 medium onions, chopped finely
1 pound ground meat
juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
1 teaspoon salt
dash of pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mixed spice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup pine nuts (optional)
2 tablespoons olive oil

Melt the butter in a frying pan and add the meat and onions. Cook for 5 minutes. Add all the other ingredients, except the oil, and cook for 3 minutes longer.

Take the Lebanese bread dough and on a lightly floured surface roll each ball

$\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Cut the dough into 3-inch rounds, perhaps with a jar cover.

Put 1 tablespoon of the mixture on the centre of each round. Fold the dough over and secure edges.

Pour the oil into a baking pan and place the phatire close together. Brush each lightly with oil and bake at 400°F for 20 minutes or until browned.

Serve warm or cool with baked potatoes and a salad.

Phatire Spanech Spinach Turnovers

Pastry:
4 rolls of Lebanese bread dough

Filling:

1 pound fresh spinach
1 medium onion, chopped finely
juice of 1 lemon
1 teaspoon salt
pinch of pepper
4 tablespoons olive oil

Wash the spinach, drain, and cut into small pieces. Combine all ingredients except for 2 tablespoons oil.

Roll each ball of dough $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Cut into rounds about 4 inches in diameter.

Put 3 tablespoons of the mixture onto each round. Pull up the edge from 3 equally distant points to make a triangular shape. Secure the edges of the dough tightly with your fingers so the phatire don't open up in the oven.

Pour the remaining oil into a baking pan, lightly brush the phatire with oil, and bake for 20 minutes at 425°F.

Serve warm or cool.

Fatoush

2 loaves Lebanese bread
3 fresh tomatoes, cut small
1 onion, finely chopped
2 medium cucumbers, sliced
2 tablespoons olive oil
juice of 1 lemon
3 stalks parsley, finely cut
salt, pepper to taste

Break the bread into small pieces. (Bread that is a bit old is ideal.) Then mix it with all the other ingredients. Fatoush can be eaten as a salad, for breakfast or for lunch.

Uhwee Coffee

1 cup water
1 teaspoon arabic coffee
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar

Put in a pot over high heat. (There are special Lebanese coffee pots available.) When it starts boiling, remove from the heat and let it settle. Serve in demitasse (very small cups).

A Lebanese spice called *hane* can be added for flavor.

Lebanese coffee is a necessary element of hospitality. You may find it very strong but it's only served in tiny quantities.

These recipes are taken from "*Alexandra's Lebanese Cooking — authentic recipes from a Nova Scotia Home.*"

The first lady of the ocean

From her niche in Sambro, N.S., Elizabeth Mann Borgese pursues a passionately-held idea: that the seas are everyone's heritage and a key to economic justice in the world

by Jill Cooper Robinson

Elizabeth Mann Borgese has a mission. "We want the whole of the sea and its resources to be declared a common heritage," she says, "just as the moon has been so recognized."

Living in the Atlantic Provinces, by her estimation the heartland of life nautical on this planet, this diminutive world citizen has dedicated herself to the notion that there can be no true goodwill in the world until there is economic justice. The seas, used intelligently and for the common good, are to be one key to all this.

The daughter of author Thomas Mann, Mann Borgese is a founding member of the International Ocean Institute and chairman of its planning council. The IOI's purpose might be summed up as fostering respect for the integrity of the oceans and making available their riches for all mankind. It's an idea which has evolved painstakingly and which is still far from fruition as some nations, notably the U.S., view the seas as a frontier for their own seabed mining companies.

The IOI, which attracts the services of many big names in international diplomacy — Canadian Maurice Strong, for example, is a director — has made contributions to so daunting a problem as the reduction of pollution in the Mediterranean, has published significant tomes on research into ocean resources, and trains representatives from the developing countries in all aspects of ocean management. Much of this is controlled by Mann Borgese from her home in Sambro, near Halifax, a home she sometimes shares with a foster son and two daughters, but always with her many (close to a dozen) large dogs. She also has an office at Dalhousie University's Pearson Institute for International Development.

The IOI began in 1970 amid the gathering ferment at the United Nations over the law of the sea. Arvid Pardo, Malta's ambassador to the U.N., was instrumental in setting it up, and for some years it functioned exclusively out of Malta. But the object was to fan out with the message, and so Halifax was chosen as the next landfall.

Why Halifax? "Halifax is one of the most advanced places in the world as far as ocean studies are concerned," says Mann Borgese. "You have not just the study of oceanography but also the study of law and politics. Both are here. You

don't find that anywhere else in the world. In Halifax you have everything. The whole Atlantic seaboard looks to the sea for a living. There isn't a better example for the developing nations." She's a confirmed local booster and loves the Atlantic Provinces, even the weather which she accuses us of "being clever in spreading the news of how bad it is."



ALBERT LEE

Mann Borgese: a universal legacy

Mann Borgese's father, Thomas Mann (1875-1955), was one of the great writers of 20th century Europe. He was hounded out of his native Germany because of his anti-fascist views and again out of the United States during the McCarthy era. However it was not her father so much as her husband, Giuseppe Borgese, a professor at the University of Chicago, who provided inspiration for her work, she says. Together they worked on such projects as World Order Studies, which came apart during the McCarthy period since its pacifist and leftist orientation made it suspect in the prevailing political atmosphere. Afterwards she took part in the creation of the World Federalist Movement, which became mostly a "ban the bomb" organization. "I looked at these ideals and said 'it looks great, but it is all very far away. But look here, ocean concerns are maturing. Why not try out our big ideas there?'"

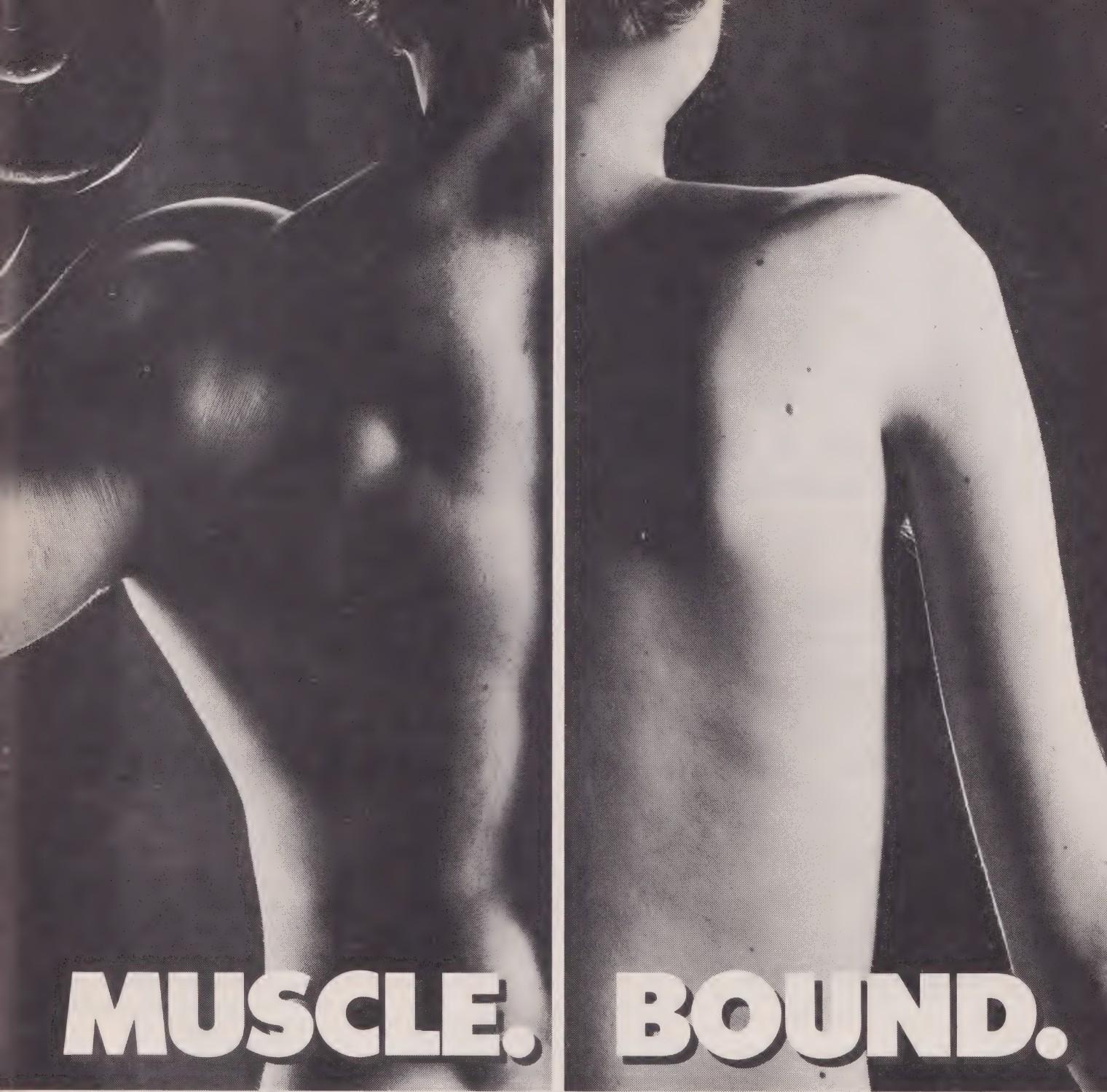
Mann Borgese breaks down the IOI's work into four areas. There's work on international policy regarding the law of the sea (in which deliberations she functions as the delegate from Austria) plus research commissions from the U.N. and other international bodies. Secondly "we publish," she says. "The biggest and most important of our works is the *Ocean Yearbook*. It is already five volumes and we are working on the sixth." The third activity is to run an annual theme conference. The latest this past summer was held in the Soviet Union where a national stamp was issued in IOI's honor. She adds that "the fourth activity is the most important: training representatives from the developing nations in all aspects of ocean management and ocean politics and the law of the sea."

That Mann Borgese is capable of managing so busy a life is not really surprising. It is all part and parcel of a half century which has included a degree in music, publication of books of her own poetry, plus other writing, including several books on the sea — *The Drama of the Oceans*, *Seafarm* and one soon to be released entitled *The Mines of Neptune*. And — oh yes — she seafarms herself — oysters — in Sambro with a neighbor.

But it is IOI which claims her attention and her passions. She has been in the air as much as 18 hours in one day travelling hither and yon to round up people and money in pursuit of the cause. She confesses, however, that the work can be frustrating. The idea of the seas as a universal legacy has its opposition. For instance "big shipping interests might be afraid their freedom of navigation will be affected" by international control of the seas. "But the biggest obstacle is inertia. This is a new concept and it takes time for people to get used to it. Sometimes you ask yourself what is being achieved. But when you look back you can see breakthroughs."

IOI raises its own money. The chief fund-raiser is none other than Elizabeth Mann Borgese. It has received grants, for example, from the Canadian International Development Agency, from the Commonwealth Secretariat, OPEC as well as from various countries big and small, from India to Trinidad and Tobago. There has been none from the U.S., however, except from a few private donors. "We are very critical of the U.S. attitude to the sea and quite frankly they wish we would go away," she matter-of-factly admits. "They refused to sign the Law of the Sea Convention of 1982 and they have issued licences for unilateral seabed mining, trying thus to undermine us."

Over all, however, she's an optimist. "What has happened these last 15 years in the law of the sea is phenomenal," she says, pointing to the ardously-negotiated 1982 Convention which was, despite the U.S. objection, signed by most U.N. member states.



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CALENDAR

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Nov. 5 — Kevin Rice, "Photographs", Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown

Nov. 9 — Dunk River Run, 7.3 mile road race, Central Bedeque

Nov. 9 — Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

Nov. 13 — The Owens Art Gallery of Mount Allison University, a selection of historical and contemporary Canadian art and examples of outstanding British painting, Confederation Gallery, Charlottetown

Nov. 13 — Dec. 15 — P.E.I. Crafts Exhibition, celebrates the work of the Island's crafts community with a display of new work, Confederation Gallery, Charlottetown

Nov. 21-22 — P.E.I. Crafts Fair, Lower Level, Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

NEW BRUNSWICK

Nov. 2-29 — Watercolors and Batiks by Heidi Grein, City of Saint John Gallery

Nov. 11-Dec. 11 — Women's Film Series, reflecting the themes of the United Nations Decade for Women: equality, development and peace, Provincial Archives of New Brunswick, Fredericton

Nov. 14-16 — 8th Annual Autumn Antiques Showsale, Moncton Mall

Nov. 16-Dec. 15 — Samplers by Leslie Sampson, the traditional sampler format is used to confront social problems of women in contemporary society, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

NOVA SCOTIA

Nov. 1 — Mardi Gras Celebration, Sydney

Nov. 1-3 — Dartmouth Handcrafters Guild Sale, Dartmouth Sportsplex

Nov. 2 — Annual Crafts Fair, Truro

Nov. 14-16 — Atlantic Spinners and Handweavers Annual Sale: clothing, accessories, rugs, tapestries and household articles, fashion show, Lord Nelson Hotel, Halifax

Nov. 14-17 — Christmas at the Forum, the Festival of Crafts, Antiques, Art and Food of over 300 exhibitors, Halifax Forum

Nov. 15 — 2nd Annual Downtown Glace Bay Lights-Up Ceremony, Glace Bay

Nov. 16 — Gilbert & Sullivan Society presents a musical comedy at the Bicentennial Theatre, Middle Musquodoboit

Nov. 20-29 — Indian Art Juried Exhibition and Sale for artists who are

members of the Indian Bands in the four Atlantic Provinces: painting, drawing, prints, sculpture and traditional craft-work, Manuge Gallery, Halifax

Nov. 24 — Roller Wheels Christmas Craft Show, Bridgewater

Nov. 29-Dec. 1 — Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen's Christmas Market, Dalplex, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

Nov. 3 — Bed Race: fund-raising event where 15 teams of five participants push hospital beds down Water Street, the oldest street in North America, St. John's

Nov. 3-4 — Anna McGoldrick, joined by Ireland's Father Michael Cleary for an evening of song and comedy, St. John's Arts and Culture Centre

Nov. 5 — Guy Fawkes Night: gala bonfire, statuemaking competition and immolation, fireworks, Happy Valley-Goose Bay

Nov. 5 — Guy Fawkes Night Celebrations: community fireworks and bonfires at Bannerman, Bowring and Virginia parks, St. John's

Nov. 9 — Corner Brook Cottage Craft Association Annual Christmas Fair, a non-profit marketplace for western Newfoundland craft producers of quality knitted, embroidered, woven and duffel goods, felt work, pottery and woodwork, Corner Brook

Nov. 9 — Corporate Challenge: physical activities for teams of competing business people, Labrador City

Nov. 10 — Rita MacNeil, concert, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Nov. 15 — The Tapestry Singers, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

Nov. 15-16 — Annual Craft Fair: display and sale of crafts created by artisans from across the province, knitted goods, crochet, sewing, silk-screen, Gander

Nov. 20-22 — Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Nov. 21-23 — The Mystery of the Oak Island Treasure, a production of the Canadian mystery drama is sure to provide a scary, fun-filled evening for the entire family, Theatre Newfoundland and Labrador, Corner Brook

Nov. 23 — Santa Claus Parade of 25 floats, 12 marching bands, 12 majorette corps, 100 clowns, St. John's

Nov. 28-30 — Noises Off, a Rising Tide Theatre production with Newfoundland actors based on the British comedy, directed by Jeff Pitcher, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Nov. 30-Dec. 29 — In Touch: Printing and Writing for the Blind, an experimental hands-on exhibition of materials dating from the 18th century, in conjunction with the Smithsonian Institution, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's.

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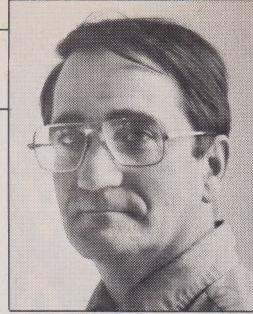
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At this rate we'll go down to paupers' graves with the Great Dream of a united Atlantic Canada still up in slings.

Decades roll into history and we're still the scattered and impoverished tribes we always were: feuding, quarreling, fractious, each clinging petulantly to his tattered dignity, Halifax disparaging St. John's, Moncton scornful of North Sydney.

Where is the long-awaited "Atlantic Accord," the pooling of resources, the consolidated demographical clout, the great upsurge of brotherly accord founded on a common root and nurtured in shared latitudes?

Up Sissiboo Creek without a paddle, far as I can see.

This great drawing together of Atlantic peoples for their mutual entertainment and to screw a few extra shackles out of Ottawa has got us nowhere.

Meanwhile, we continue to be mocked in our penurious disarray by the great, placid, milk-fed, corn-stodged face of Ontario, sleek and wallowing in surfeit yet agile enough to dart at and slurp any shreds of nourishment drifting our way. It's enough to give the Holy Ghost a hemorrhage.

Quite so . . . and another eight-month winter staring us straight in the face on top of it. I at first contemplated a frantic telegram to Harry Flemming. But then I sprang for solace, as is my wont, to Scriptures:

"And the city lieth foursquare and the length is as large as the breadth . . . and the building of the wall of it was of jasper and the city was pure gold like unto clear glass . . . "

Joey Smallwood, when in his prime, used to think a lot like that, particularly when it came to Churchill Falls or Come By Chance, I mused.

I suppose it was the chance conjunction of Smallwood and St. John the Divine which caused a mighty explosion in my higher consciousness like unto a great overdose of psychic epsom salts.

For there it was! We've been doing it all back foremost. City first . . . and then, and only then, your conferences of Atlantic premiers, your Atlantic Provinces Economic Councils, your cultural exchanges of Atlantic Bingo Callers and the rest.

A new capital city for Atlantic Canada is what is wanted. Away with musty Fredericton, perish pretentious Halifax, avaunt thee poxy St. John's, begone garish Charlottetown. Nothing less than

a New Jerusalem will do us now.

Brazil has done it with Brasilia; Australia did it with Canberra; Canada itself did it with Ottawa — and look what nests of singing birds they all are today.

The main thing about a new capital city is that it's got to be central. Another point in favor is that it be "built upon an high mountain," if the Word of God is anything to go by. That cuts out Nova Scotia which has got few hills above knee height, and P.E.I. which is actually below sea level and New Brunswick which is lofty in spots but pressed too hard by "Them" to the south and "les autres" to the westward.

Make the Lewis Hills in western wossaname our new Brasilia

"Cape Breton" might spring to the lips of an ignorant few. Why not Cape Breton as the new seat of brotherly Atlantic accord? Because *that* lot is too contrary to even get along with its sheep, as the rest of us know only too well.

So I submit, as the popular choice, the magnificent 2,600-foot Lewis Hills in western wossaname. A splendid prospect, a neutral location, agreeable to all concerned. And beautiful downtown Corner Brook just a few short miles away — with color TV only \$4.95 extra in all rooms.

To forestall certain civil war, some outfit from Stockholm or Yokohama will have to be hauled in to build this monument to Atlantic felicity. I see no problem with federal funds if . . . If the first thing in place is a great hairy heliport the like of which has not been seen outside of *Star Wars*.

Because, you see, the civil servant has not yet been born of woman who doesn't fancy himself scuttling away in a semi-crouch from a helicopter with a couple of brace of whey-faced minions in tow.

If you guarantee an Ottawa bureaucrat a snap of himself on the front page of the *Citizen* skittering away from a helicopter he'll rip the bottom out of his goodie bag for you with his bare fingernails.

Colorado might be our best bet for an architect. You run across them in that region hanging out of the cacti and yarry for another round. For the price of a bottle they'll knock you up a spectacular born-again TV tabernacle — or a new Woolco-Atlantis and/or Jerusalem half-way up the Lewis Hills.

High notions we must have but, in this day of rising inflation and the 10-cent ciggy, a few corners will have to be cut. For instance, chrysoprasus. The tenth part of the Biblical new town (Revelation, 22:20) was built of such. In our poor case, angel stone will have to do.

Dignity, yes. Grandeur, certainly. But I'd say we could forego those items with "the shapes of locusts like unto horses prepared unto battle, on their heads as it were crowns of gold and faces as the faces of men . . ." (Rev. 9:7) lurking behind the alabaster pillars. A few former cabinet ministers scattered about would do as well.

We're going to get the average Sarnia, Ont., tourist on his two weeks' annual visiting our new capital and we don't want stuff that might pitch the missus into hysterics and the youngsters into having a misfortune in their pants right there in the Great Hall of the Scotias.

Besides, you could load the joint to the gunwales with Scriptural chrysoprasus, sardonyx, chalcedony and high-grade color-lok siding and some boorish little heifer-hugger from Alberta would still say, "Pooh, not a pimple on the new Edmonton Mall."

Our new Acropolis should dazzle the lesser breeds but at the same time reflect our roots. Decor must be Versailles-ish yet earthy. Spuds, for instance, dangling from the rafters of Le Grand Salon des Irish Cobblers (formerly, P.E.I. Place) in individual little macramé bags.

By now I expect you have the picture. A new cultural focus and spiritual home for all Atlantic people. Atlantic unity, harmony, cooperation — the Great Desire of the Ages — finds a fitting abode at last.

Just as soon as we can swing a DREE grant the cornerstone should be laid. And who better to lay it than the dean of Atlantic premiers, Mr. Hatfield. Then, by satellite link, the symbolic embrace of unity by all four political leaders.

These grand ceremonies will be attended by thousands and should be open to anyone — anyone who holds a valid Newfoundland passport, available half-price on weekends from the kiosk behind the Pepsi machine at the CN ferry terminal, Port aux Basques.

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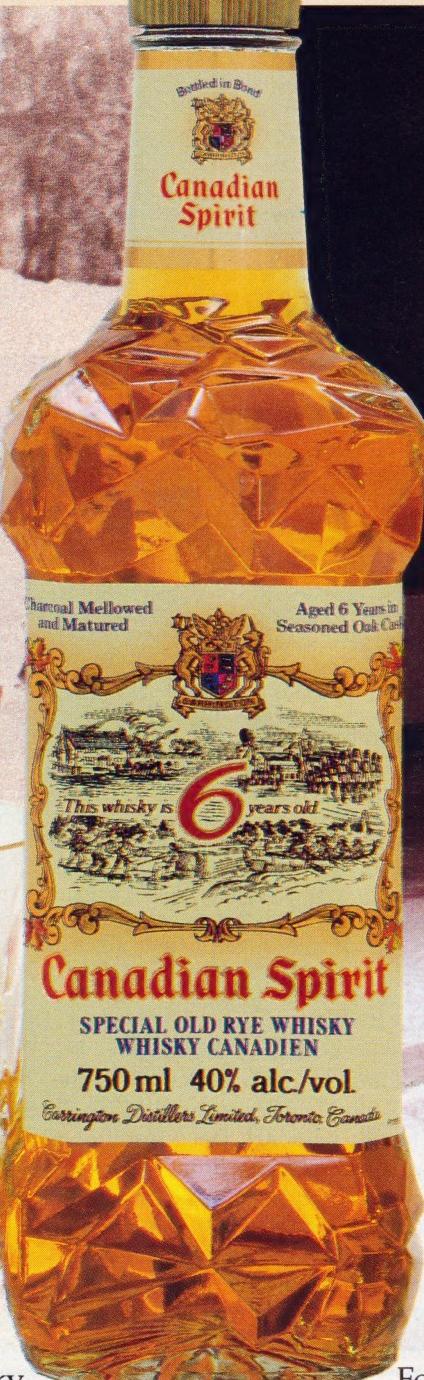
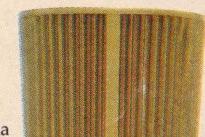
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